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WILBERFORCE'S LETTER TO PITT, LIFE, Vol. III. p. 14.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

REVIEWS

A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus, by the Route of the Indus, Kabul, and Badakshan, performed under the Sanction of the Supreme Government of India, in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838. By Lieut. John Wood. Murray.

The survey of the Indus, of whose giant course we have had till lately a very imperfect knowledge, was the interesting and important task assigned to Lieut. Wood, in the early part of that journey, the personal narrative of which he now presents to us under a modest title hardly adequate to explain its value. In 1832, the Anglo-Indian Government prevailed on the rulers of Sind to throw open the commerce of the river Indus. Thus access was obtained for the trader to the Panjab, or country of the Five Rivers; to the kingdom of the Seikhs, Lahore, and Kashmir; to say nothing of the commerce of the right bank of the Indus. In 1835 the survey of the coast of Sind and the mouths of the Indus was completed. The first who tried his fortune in the new field thus opened for enterprise, was Agha Mohammed Rahim, a Persian merchant of Bombay, who fitted out for the Indus a small steamer, of which our author took the command. This adventure being concluded, Lieut. Wood remained in Sind to observe the periodical changes of the river; and, returning to Bombay in 1836, was immediately attached to the mission of Sir Alex. Burnes, about to proceed to Kabul,—the completion of the survey of the Indus, from the junction of the Panjab rivers to Attock, being specially intrusted to him.

So many accounts of Sind and the Panjab have been published of late years, that we need not dwell on observations relative to those countries, but shall confine ourselves to the river. The Indus proves, on examination, to be an almost impracticable stream. Yet its ancient fame being supposed to warrant its magnitude and accessibility, a scheme of a joint-stock steam company to navigate its waters, was set on foot in 1834; and it was proposed to station an old East Indian, as a dépôt, within the mouth of the river: the fact being, as our author states, that no vessel of that class can approach within sight of the coast of Sind, much less cross the bars and enter the river. He thus cuts away the ground from beneath many a towering prospectus:—

" We now, at least, know what the Indus is *not*, and even this negative information may prevent much disappointment. * * Proper vessels are now upon the Indus, and its capabilities for steam-navigation will be made the most of; but we cannot help reminding such of our Indian friends as are interested in the subject, that not only are the native craft of the river well suited to its peculiarities, but are also equally adapted to the commerce for which the Indus now is, or will shortly become, the highway. In conclusion, we may remark, that there is no known river in either hemisphere, discharging even half the quantity of water that the Indus does, which is not superior for navigable purposes to this far-famed stream. In this practical age the beauty of a river is measured by its utility; and although few people could sail without difficulty upon the waters that once bore the bark of Alexander, there are numbers who would willingly give up all its classic associations, could they, by so doing, obtain for it the clear channel of an American stream."

The native vessels on the Indus, exclusive of mere boats, amount to about 800; but we are not sure whether this number includes the craft navigating the accessory streams of the Panjab. At all events, such an extensive system of navigable waters, however incapable of floating East Indians, or though it may otherwise fall short

of expectation, cannot fail, under a wise government, to give a great impulse to the industry of the surrounding country. The peculiarity of the Indus is, that, when flooded, it is constantly shifting its channel, and the banks washed away are deposited at the mouths of the river, the channels and bars of which are undergoing perpetual change. The noise of the falling in of the banks is, in some localities, heard without intermission. Long tracts of fertile land, with their villages, are swept away every season. But if we suppose that the stream now allowed to riot so mischievously, were confined within solid embankments, judiciously placed by skilful engineers, then its floods would clear away all the encumbrances of its channel, and the Indus would become a river of easy access. Nor is it absurd to look forward to such a change. In the age of railways, we must not shrink at the thought of rearing a huge embankment. But of the flood to be bridled and led along, some idea may be formed from the following descriptive passage of our author:—

" Having reached the mountains, I shall close this chapter with a few general remarks on that division of the Indus which lies between Mittun-kote and Kalabagh, a portion of its course yet little known. The season, it should be remembered, in which we voyaged, was that of the river's periodical rise, and the temperature of February does not differ more from that of July, than the shrunken stream of the one month from the full channel of the other. At some places, so diffused was the stream, that from a boat in its centre no land could be discovered, save the islands upon its surface, and the mountains on its western shore. From Dhera Ismael Khán to Kalabagh, the east bank was not once seen from the opposite side of the river, being either obscured by distance, or hidden by intervening islands, which, at this season, thickly speckle over its channel. Some are level with the water's edge, while others below it are only known by their sedgy covering. In other months, they are the resort of the inhabitants from both shores, many of whom, delighted with their fine pasture, prolong their stay till dislodged by the rising river. Such laggards I have seen caught, and have enjoyed a hearty laugh at their unceremonious removal. When this is about to happen, the inmates are soon astir. The young men go in search of the cattle, while others speedily unroof the reed-built cot, and transport such part of its materials as may be useful in the erection of their new habitation to a boat which they take care to have at hand. Between this vessel and the hamlet, parties may be seen hurrying to and fro, with bundles on their heads, their arms filled with children and earthen jars, and dragging rafters and other fragments of their houses after them. But in this month (July), the islands are abandoned, and, as the boat swiftly glides amidst the mazy channels that intersect them, no village cheers the sight—no human voice heard; the only sound is the plover's moaning call as it hovers above the falling bank, and dexterously seizes its prey while yet in the air, or skims it off the water. Here and there a boiling eddy rises to the surface, and even the wild swirl of its gushing, turbulent current, is grateful to the ear amidst the profound stillness. A small grey speckled bird, that loves the water, nestles on these half-drowned islands, hanging its neatly constructed little nest to the top of a flexible grass stalk, and rears its young in security, when all is flooded beneath and around it. Lower down the river, about the vicinity of Mittun-kote, the low sandy islands that disappear before the first wave of inundation, are, in the spring months, studed with the eggs of the plover. The bird's unfailing instinct thus beautifully exemplifies the truth of Solomon's words, that 'for everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heavens.' As the eye wanders round, clumps of seeming trees edge the horizon. These may be plantations around villages on the high bank, or tall trees in the river's bed, which the stream has respected for the last dozen years,—a long duration for all that blossoms here; or perhaps they are only bushes magnified by the atmosphere. The sun rises,

the mirage is broken, and the last suspicion proves correct. Out of sight of land, the voyager may for hours be floating amid a wilderness of green island fields, and when he supposes himself far from man, is sometimes startled at hearing a human voice from amid the expanse of rushes which surround him. It is the solitary bulrush-gatherer, who, with only his mussuk for support, braves all the dangers of the stream to procure the root of the bulrush for food for himself and his little ones. These people resort to such islands as are within a foot of being submerged, and stationing themselves on the windward edge, seize hold of the rushes when detached by the action of the stream; nor does a plough turn up a furrow with greater precision than the current's surging wave slices down these ever-changing islands."

The population of the banks of the Indus is nearly amphibious. Bathing at all times of the day is the favourite pastime of both sexes. Great herds of buffaloes are occasionally to be seen crossing the river with much uproar, the herdsman holding the leader by the tail. The majestic stream is the great highway on which all classes, bestriding the mussuk, or inflated skin, go abroad in pursuit of business or pleasure. Our author says,—

" The boatmen of Lower Sind live, like the Chinese, in their boats. If a native of the Lower Indus has occasion to cross the stream, a pulla-jar wafts him to the opposite shore. At B'hkur the mussuk supersedes the pulla-jar, and from Mittun-Kote upwards every man living near the river has one. Kassids so mounted make surprising journeys, and the soldier with sword and matchlock secured across his shoulders thus avoids the fatigues of a long march. But the Hindú most enjoys the Indus, and delights to sport in its stream. The higher we advance up the river, the more manifest does his predilection for its waters become. At Attock the very boatmen are many of them Hindú,—an employment quite foreign to Brahma's followers in the lower course of the Indus. The Sunday amusement of this class is to wade in its waters. Confined to their shops throughout the week, with them the seventh day is one of relaxation and enjoyment. Early in the forenoon they repair to the river or canal, and there upon their mussuks float and talk till sunset. I have seen in one group a father and two children, the latter on dried elongated gourds, clinging to their parent, who bestrode a good-sized mussuk. Close to them came two grey-haired men apparently hugging each other, for they rode upon the same inflated skin, which, but for the closeness with which they embraced, it would have soon parted company. Next came sailing down an individual lying much at his ease, between the four legs of a huge buffalo's hide, while boys moved in all directions, mounted as they best could, some on gourds, and some on skins."

From Kalabagh to Attock, a distance of eighty or ninety miles, the Indus can hardly be said to be navigable. It is true, that Lieut. Wood descended the stream from Attock in a boat, and that at certain seasons boats may be dragged up against the current; but this passage is so dangerous, owing to the falls and eddies of the river confined in a narrow and rocky channel, that it is not likely to be ever frequented. The depth of the river at Attock, where there is a bridge of boats, was found, by our author, to be ten fathoms. Burnes, whose testimony on this point we always suspected, stated the depth of the river there to be thirty-five fathoms. From Attock to Mittun-Kote, a distance of 400 miles, no river of any importance joins the Indus. The numerous streams descending from the mountains of Tukhtes Suleimán on its right bank, are all intercepted and spent in irrigation, long before they reach the bottom of the valley.

In the vicinity of the Indus are to be found salt, coal, iron, and sulphur, so that the mineral treasures alone of the country might be expected to give rise to an active commerce. But these would prove under a good government a far less copious source of national wealth, than the in-

dstry of Kashmir and the other countries of the Panjab. Our author, casting his eyes on the snowy mountains, beneath which flows the river of Kabul, has discovered another natural product, deserving, as he conceives, the attention of the enterprising trader. He observes, that among the many advantages likely to accrue to Western India, from the opening of the Indus, not the least important in the estimation of the inhabitants of Bombay, will be the prospect of a constant supply of ice. This is sold in the markets of Jelalabad, from which place there is an uninterrupted navigation by rafts, or boats, to the mouth of the Indus. The time required for the transport of ice from the neighbourhood of the White Mountains to Bombay, would not exceed a month.

With respect to the political doings of the mission to Kabul, our author observes a discreet silence. His proper office was to survey and gather geographical information; and for this purpose he obtained permission to visit the valley of Koh Daman, lying north of Kabul, and celebrated as the garden of the principality. He remarks in general, that in Afghanistan and the valleys of Hindoo Koosh, the arts of cultivation are far advanced, and much labour is expended on the soil, even in districts inhabited by professional robbers, and which rarely enjoy perfect peace. From Khyber to Kabul there is no waste land; every spot capable of producing has been turned over by plough or spade; and so great is the command of water, that even the acclivities of the hills enclosing the small circular valleys, are successfully cultivated. It is not an uncommon thing there, to see a stream of water conducted along the face of the hills, forty feet above the level plain; and when rivulets are wanting, shafts are sunk, and the water of the wells is led along in subterranean galleries. But Koh Daman, into which open three or four narrow valleys from the Hindoo Koosh, stands eminent in fertility as well as in romantic scenery. It is the favourite country residence of the wealthy inhabitants of Kabul, and is almost as thickly studded with castles as with gardens. These strongholds resemble, on a small scale, the baronial mansions of Europe in the Middle Ages. Near neighbours are generally deadly enemies; violent feuds rage in every valley, and nothing can allay these petty animosities but national war, or the employment afforded by distant forays. Fruit is the chief produce of Koh Daman. Its grapes, apricots, peaches, almonds, mulberries, &c. are imported into India. The mulberry, not in a wild state, but planted by the hand of man, is seen everywhere throughout Afghanistan; and in the higher valleys of the Hindoo Koosh, it becomes the chief object of the husbandman's care; the coarse flour made from its unripe fruit, constituting in those regions the staple article of subsistence.

From Koh Daman our author was recalled to join a mission about to be despatched to the valley of the Oxus. Murad Ali Beg, the formidable ruler of Kunduz, had sent to solicit for his brother, who was afflicted with severe ophthalmia, the assistance of the Hakim firangi, or European physician. So favourable an opportunity of conciliating the friendship of the rapacious chieftain of Kunduz was not to be lost; and accordingly Dr. Lord, accompanied by our author, immediately started on the journey, taking the road through Koh Daman and Parwan, to the pass of the Hindoo Koosh bearing the latter name. But the season was too far advanced (it was the beginning of November,) to allow the passage over this great range. After much toil and suffering the party were obliged to retrace their steps, and take the circuitous but safe road by Bamian, which had been already travelled by Burnes and others. An Afghán

gentleman, however, who, in a fit of ill-humour, had withdrawn himself from Dr. Lord's party, and tried the pass of Ghorbund, some miles to the west of that of Parwan, perished with four attendants, in the snow storm which drove back the Europeans.

Of the country between Kabul and Kunduz, ample descriptions may be found in the volumes of Moorcroft, Wolff, and Burnes. Our author's portrait of the chief, however, is a more favourable, and perhaps a truer likeness, than those drawn by his precursors, and shall, therefore, be exhibited to our readers:—

“ Murad Beg is one of those prominent political characters that unsettled times, and a disorganized state of society produce. Such were Mohamed Ali in Egypt and the late Ranjeet Singh in Hindustan: men whose fortunes were based on mental superiority; and though Murad Beg cannot be ranked with either of these remarkable men, the Uzbek will not suffer by comparison with them, when we take into account the rudeness of the material on which he had to work. Little craft enters into the character of this chieftain, but to his splendid talents he unites what does not always accompany them, strong common sense. His forces, composed entirely of cavalry, are well adapted to predatory warfare, for which neither infantry nor guns are essential. The horses, though small, have great power, and will endure much fatigue for ten successive days, carrying grain for themselves and their rider. The habits of his subjects are equally well fitted to this mode of life; and the absolute authority which he has over them, places their services at all times at his disposal. There is not a man in his dominions, let him possess what authority he may, but must yield it up at the nod of the Mir. His own tribe are devotedly attached to him, and seldom mention his name without exclaiming ‘Khoda dowlut zyada,’ *may God add to his riches.* He is not equally popular with the Tajik mountain states, which he has subdued; but among these all spirit of resistance is so completely crushed, that while Murad Beg lives, there is no chance of their attaining freedom unless aided by a foreign power. Still these people, though indignant at the Mir's arbitrary rule, do not deny his great abilities, and especially his talent of quickly penetrating into the counsels of other men. But with all his high qualifications Murad Beg is but at the head of an organized banditti, a nation of plunderers, whom, however, none of the neighbouring powers can exterminate. Able as he is to bring together in a surprisingly short space of time, a body of 15,000 horsemen, inured to predatory warfare, and to those stealthy attacks for which Turkman and Uzbek are equally celebrated, he feels himself perfectly secure from the assault of any of the chieftains by whom he is surrounded.”

“ His government is rigidly despotic, but seldom is absolute power misused. The rights and property of his subjects are respected, merchants are safe, and trade is encouraged. Punishment for crime, whether against individuals or the state, is most summary; for theft and highway robbery, if the highway be in *their own country*, for that makes a wonderful difference, the only award is death. An offender, when detected, never escapes punishment, and sentence is no sooner pronounced than executed. This prompt procedure is little in accordance with the beautiful maxim of English jurisprudence, that it is better many who are guilty should escape than that one innocent man should suffer; yet the certainty of punishment has lessened the commission of crime. Countries in former times closed to the traveller, may now, with Murad Beg's protection, be as safely traversed as British India.”

Lieut. Wood's strong good sense and unaffected candour are in nothing more conspicuous, than in his discovering the good qualities of Murad Beg, and the merits of that chieftain's system of government. We sincerely believe that he is in the right, and that the government of Kunduz is not unmixed ill, as it has been hitherto described. Yet we may observe, that it is of no use to make the roads safe to wayfarers, when those who remain in their houses are not safe. It is tyranny, and not justice, in a ruler, to put

to death petty robbers, while he himself robs. The followers of Murad Beg may admire his energy, but his neighbours have good reason to curse his restless and grasping spirit, which has reduced a fair country to poverty and desolation.

While the Doctor endeavoured to console his patient, whose case was incurable, our author planned a journey to the sources of the Oxus, nor did he find any difficulty in obtaining Murad Beg's sanction for that undertaking, and the requisite assistance. For some distance eastward the road lies above the valley of the Oxus, which makes a circuit to the north. Among the hills bordering the river Kokcha, he saw the ruins of Fyzabad, a city once celebrated in the East, but the site of which is now discovered chiefly by the fruit trees, once the ornaments of its gardens.

“ Murad Beg (he observes) must have had ~~all~~ councillors when he destroyed Fyzabad, and forcibly removed its inhabitants to Kunduz, a place only fit to be the residence of aquatic birds. He has lost both in men and revenue by the measure. It was impossible to behold the desolation of so fair a scene, without commiserating the unfortunate exiles and executing their tyrant, or without shuddering to think, that one man, as ill-advised as cruel, should have the power to work so much mischief and to make so many of his species miserable! But, also, the history of every age presents us with a catalogue of similar atrocities, nor will they cease until education and pure religion are diffused over the entire world.”

The famous mines of lapis lazuli, situate in this valley, were of course visited by our author. They are now unproductive, and like the ruby mines on the opposite bank of the Oxus, (whence came the famous Balass rubies), must probably lie undisturbed, till a milder sway will allow them to be worked with intelligence and a hope of reasonable profit. The dangerous state of the river ice, the rumour of avalanches, and the recent mishaps of a party which had visited the ruby mines, compelled our author to renounce his intention of proceeding in that direction. He was detained five weeks (including all January) in the village of Jerm, in Badakhshan, by the inclemency of the season, and thus became acquainted with the domestic life and modes of thinking of a very interesting people. His vivid and well drawn picture of life in the village of Jerm, embraces too many details to suit our canvas; we must, therefore, content ourselves with pointing it out as equally curious and pleasing. Nor must we omit to mention that the princes of Badakhshan, now stripped of their authority by Murad Beg, claim to be descended from Alexander the Great. This proud pedigree, which they share with the ruling families in several adjoining mountain states, seems to prove that the upper valley of the Oxus was comprehended in the Gracco-Bactrian kingdom.

Proceeding up the valley of the Oxus between mountains covered with perpetual snow, our traveller arrived at the village of Ishtrakh in a snow storm, and should never have perceived the houses perched among the rocks, if there had not been a Yak, or Kash-gow, standing at the door of one of them, held by a Kirghiz boy. The novel sight of this sturdy and hairy animal, which, but for its horns, might be mistaken for a huge Newfoundland dog, fixed attention as much as the amazon who bestrode it. The animal's habits are thus pleasantly described:—

“ The Yak is to the inhabitants of Tibet and Pamir, what the reindeer is to the Laplander in northern Europe. Where a man can walk a Kash-gow may be ridden. Like the elephant he possesses a wonderful knowledge of what will bear his weight. If travellers are at fault, one of these animals is driven before them, and it is said that he avoids the hidden depths and chasms with admirable sagacity. His footing is sure. Should a fall of snow close a mountain pass to man and horse, a score of Yaks

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driven a-head answer the purpose of pioneers, and make, as my informant expresses it, 'a king's highway.' In this case, however, the snow must have recently fallen; for when once its surface is frozen and its depth considerable, no animal can force its way through it. Other cattle require the provident care of man to subsist them through the winter. The most hardy sheep would fare but badly without its human protection, but the Kash-gow is left entirely to itself. He frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits. Wherever the mercury does not rise above zero, is a climate for the Yak. If the snow on the elevated flats lie too deep for him to crop the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes and eats his way up again. When arrived at the top, he performs a second summerset, and completes his meal as he displaces another groove of snow in his second ascent. The heat of summer sends the animal to what is termed the old ice, that is to the regions of eternal snow; the calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's returning, in which she never fails. In the summer, the women, like the pastoral inhabitants of the Alps, encamp in the higher valleys, which are interspersed among the snowy mountains, and devote their whole time to the dairy. The men remain on the plain, and attend to the agricultural part of the establishment, but occasionally visit the upper stations; and all speak in rapture of these summer wanderings. The Kash-gows are gregarious, and set the wolves, which here abound, at defiance. Their hair is clipped once a year in the spring. The tail is the well-known Chowry of Hindustan, but in this country, is strong, wiry, and pliant hair, is made into ropes, which for strength, do not yield to those manufactured from hemp. The hair of the body is woven into mats, and also into a strong fabric which makes excellent riding trousers. The milk of the Yak is richer than that of the common cow, though the quantity it yields be less."

By dint of perseverance, and with the aid of a Kirghiz escort, the plain of Pamir, whence the Oxus descends, was at length gained. The gigantic horns of the wild sheep, gathered in traps, served to mark out the road, as already observed by Marco Polo, the general accuracy of whose descriptions was fully recognized. But we will let our author himself relate his triumph.

"After quitting the surface of the river we travelled about an hour along its right bank, and then ascended a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward; on surmounting this, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of February, 1838, we stood, to use a native expression, upon the *Baw-i-Düniah*, or 'Roof of the World,' while before us lay stretched a noble but frozen sheet of water, from whose western end issued the infant river of the Oxus. This fine lake lies in the form of a crescent, about fourteen miles long from east to west, by an average breadth of one mile. On three sides it is bounded by swelling hills, about 500 feet high, whilst along its southern bank they rise into mountains 3,500 feet above the lake, or 19,000 above the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, from which never-failing source the lake is supplied. From observations at the western end I found the latitude to be 37° 27' N. by mer. alt. of the sun, and longitude 73° 40' E. by protraction from Langer Kish, where the last set of chronometric observations had been obtained; its elevation measured by the temperature of boiling water, is 16,000 feet—as my thermometer marked 184° of Fahrenheit. The temperature of the water below the ice was 32°—the freezing point."

Thus Lieut. Wood followed to its source the Oxus bound in ice; he surveyed its valley wrapt in snow; he saw the country, therefore, under great disadvantage, and when it was literally all a blank. Yet he made the most of the opportunities presented to him; and when we take into account the hardships to which he exposed himself in his wintry journey, the valuable geographical details which he has collected, and his clear sketches of society, characterized throughout by good sense and kindly feeling, we have no hesitation in pronouncing his volume to be one of the most agreeable and instructive of its class. We need not reconduct him to Kunduz and

Kabul. It will be sufficient to observe, that he returned to the latter place by the direct road over the Hindoo Koosh, and down the valley of Parwan. This was the very road by which the Jesuit, Goez, of whose journey he seems to be ignorant, travelled from Kabul to the Oxus, in 1603. From Badakshan to Yarkand we are unable to trace the Jesuit's route, which does not appear to have been across Pamir; and we regret that our author did not make it one of the subjects of his inquiries.

The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century. By the late Henry Swinburne, Esq. Edited by Charles White, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

THESE volumes deserved an editor less addicted to intrude notes *apropos des bottes*, and better instructed in the court gossip of the last century—more careful printing, and a less coarsely-executed portrait than the woolly lithograph prefixed. Our list of things wanted, will show that we like them well, after their kind; and prepare such of our readers as love anecdote and the liberal extracts we shall make from their pages.

Swinburne's Travels in Spain and Italy were long considered as classical works of reference, not merely as containing faithful pictures of scenes then somewhat less familiar to the English than Ranelagh and Vauxhall, but as the work of a scholar and a gentleman. On his first return from the continent, Mr. Swinburne was indirectly invited to accept of some diplomatic appointment; and subsequently, he did appear at Paris, in the year 1796, as "British commissioner for the adjustment of the proposed cartel for the exchange of prisoners"—a mission, the delicacy of which was increased by the then imprisonment of Sir Sidney Smith, and the harshness with which he was treated. Mr. Swinburne had long been in personal relations with the Courts of Europe: young Swinburne, his son, was enrolled among the pages of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. The youth was withdrawn at the commencement of the Revolution, and subsequently perished at sea. We have here indicated the more important events of our traveller's life; and shall pass, without further preamble, to the work itself.

Scarcely have we turned eight pages, than we come upon a Court group: the scene Versailles—the time, the very last days of Louis Quinze—

"The Duke of Dorset was the only Englishman presented with me. We met in the Salle des Ambassadeurs, and there made acquaintance. After a little waiting, the ambassador escorted us to the prime minister's levee, (the Duc d'Aiguillon.) If he said anything to me, it was so little and so low, that I do not recollect a word of it. In his antechamber the envoys of Europe were assembled, decorated with ribbons of all colours, and crosses and keys of all metals. Among the rest the famous Aranda, late president of Castile; but now, to the astonishment of everybody, ambassador to the court of France, by his own request. * * About eleven, the introducers gave notice of the king's levee being ready, and so, in company of a German baron, we trudged up stairs, and surprised his most Christian Majesty in his waistcoat: for none but the family ambassadors may see him in buff. After staring at us, talking about the opera with some few of the crowds of courtiers, and saying about one minute's prayer with his cardinal, he drew towards us, who were ranged near the door in rank and file. All he said was, 'Est-il fils du vieux Duc de Dorset, que j'ai connu autrefois?' and so marched off. However, as they talked much to others who stood near us, I can describe them better from this view than from the subsequent one. The Dauphin is very awkwardly made, and uncouth in his motions. His face resembles his grandfather's, but he is not near so handsome, though he has by no means a bad countenance. His nose is very prominent, his eyes are gray, and his complexion is

sallow. He seemed cheerful and chatty, and I think his aspect bespeaks a good-natured man. The second brother is a pretty figure, and so is the third, only his mouth is rather wide, and drawn up in the middle to the top of the gums. They are not yet quite formed as to legs and strength, and have all a good deal of that restless motion, first upon one leg and then upon another, which is also remarkable in some members of the English royal family. The questions they ask seem very frivolous and puerile. I believe they find their time hang very heavy on their hands, for they ran with great glee to tickle one of the king's valets de chambre, as he was carrying out the king's dirty clothes. Our next trot was to the Dauphin, who said nothing. The same silence reigned at the levee of his brothers, as to our share at least. The Comtesse de Provence is a little dumpy woman, and but a plain piece of goods; her sister, the Comtesse d'Artois, is rather prettier, having a fine skin and tolerable eyes, but her nose is immense, and her toes are turned in. Poor thing! she seemed quite frightened, and could hardly speak. I did intend to reserve Madame du Barré for the *bonne bouche*, but it must be the Dauphiness, who quite won my heart. I can give you no account of her particular features; but her air, eyes, shape, motion, her *tout ensemble*, were most charming. From her we passed to the three *not Graces*, but any other trio you may think would suit them. I mean the King's daughters: the Dauphin's sisters were not visible. After all these perambulations up stairs and down stairs through the royal family, we climbed up a dark winding staircase, which I should have suspected would have led to an apartment of the Bastille, rather than to the temple of love and elegance. In a low entresol we found the favourite sultana in her morning gown, her capuchin on, and her hair undressed; she was very gracious, and chatted a good deal, as every body else seemed to do at Versailles, about the opera. I could hardly refrain from laughing at an involuntary exclamation from my brother presentee, the Duke, whose mistress, Mrs. Parsons, has, you know, been long out of her teens. 'Good heavens!' said his grace in a whisper to me, 'why, her bloom is quite past.' She is of a middling age, just plump enough, her face rather upon the yellow leaf, her eyes good, and all her features regular; but I cannot think her a pleasing figure now, whatever she may have been, or may be still, when made up and decked out in her pride."

Then comes a dinner at the Duc d'Aiguillon's, with the Duchess of Mazarin, and Helvetius's beautiful Madame Forcalquier—then a notice of Gluck's 'Orphée'—and a word concerning the King's small-pox. The dreary details of the death of the monarch, to whom Mr. Swinburne was the last person presented, are here given in a small space. Close to these is a notice of a young Englishman, the son of Mr. Jamaica Hall, who had run through ten thousand pounds in six months, in a course of the fashionable gaieties of Paris. The French capital is left almost directly after this last entry, the Swinburnes being on their way southwards. At Blois, they dined at Menars, with the Marquis de Marigny, who, out of the *Polly-wood* (as Horace Walpole would have called it) of his sister, the more notorious Madame de Pompadour, had contrived to extract a title, an estate, a chateau, furnished with "the finest Gobelin tapestry, real chintz beds, fine worked silks, paintings, china jars, mirrors," &c.

The notices of the interior of France are interesting; but we prefer people to things, and M. le Comte de Noailles at Bordeaux to the castle of Chaumont, 'Les Ormes, the chateau of M. de Paulmy,' or to Chatelherault with its steeples and bridges. If the consequence of the honourable Marquis de Marigny's title and tapestry could hardly fail to be a revolution such as did burst over France, in the following scene may be discerned the cloud "only the size of a man's hand" rising on the horizon:—

"Bordeaux, March, 1775.

"There has been a great piece of work and rejoicing here on the parliament being re-established by Louis XVI., *sous les auspices de son ministre*:

the Comte de Noailles brought the intelligence. The exiled members returned to their station, and everybody seemed in an uproar of joy. M. de Noailles landed at the Château Rouge from the city barge, after rowing up and down the river through lines of ships with their colours flying, and saluting with their guns: he then walked through the Fosse de l'Intendance to the government palace between a file of *bourgeoisie sous les armes*, and preceded by the town guards on horseback and on foot. The acclamations of the people and the crowded appearance of all the windows seemed to please him very much, and, like the Duc de Guise in the Henriade, he came along bowing and smiling to the spectators on either side. In the afternoon all the parliament men and women were assembled at la Chapelle de Barbet, a mile from the town, to receive the premier president at a grand banquet. A triumphant arch and the feast were prepared by the freemasons, who distributed invitations printed on satin, with various devices: he afterwards proceeded to Bordeaux, escorted by one hundred and sixty coaches full of all the town contains of people of fashion, besides many young men on horseback, and the Maréchausée, each side of the road, every house-top, every window, being crammed as full as could be with spectators. It was an animated spectacle. He was received at his own house by music, garlands and triumphant mottoes, and the mob filled the house so that it was midnight before he got rid of them. We went next day to the palace, where M. de Noailles arrived with his guards *en habit de cérémonie*. The return of the exiles was applauded by a most numerous populace without, and a large assembly of gentlemen within, the hall. The *Monants*, or such as remained in 1771, were hissed and hooted at by the mob. One of the *présidents à mortier*, M. d'Augeard, brought us by a side-door into the salle de conseil, where he placed us close to M. de Noailles. There were not above twenty strangers admitted. The whole parliament was there attired in red gowns. M. de Noailles opened the assembly with a short and proper speech, expressive of his joy in being the instrument the king had chosen to employ in restoring the parliament of Bordeaux to his people, recommending union, &c. The premier president then rose and pronounced a good discourse, but very severe on the ministers of the late king, and replete with a greater spirit of resolution and freedom than the *Grand Monarque* might have liked to hear. The edict of re-establishment was then read, which is similar to that of Paris. The doors were then thrown open, and it was again read to the multitude. Your friend, M. de Salegourde, who had been exiled to Perregeux, having received a *lettre de cachet* like the rest, is come back and takes his seat.

From Bordeaux, the party moved to Bagnoles, already a place of resort, and frequented by "a large posse of Americans," though without a Cicerone to its antiquities. From thence, with Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Mr. Swinburne advanced into Spain, to collect materials for his tour. Many of these appear here so pleasantly, as to tempt us to return to them, when we have finished our course among the men and women who figured at the close of the last century. At Granada, he was warmly welcomed by General Wall; at Cadiz, very nearly talked down by Count O'Reilly, "who took Algiers," (vide 'Beppo'). At Madrid, we come into a court garden full of grandees, and have pictures in a line of the Prince of Asturias "sailing in his golden galley on the Tagus," and of the King, "who goes out shooting every day, sometimes twice a day," who "seldom speaks to young men, and likes old people best, especially monks." But extricating ourselves from Aranjuez and the Escorial, it must suffice us to say, that Mr. Swinburne received at the Spanish Court the most flattering credentials to the royalties of Naples, whither he shortly afterwards proceeded. The first Neapolitan entry gives us another of "the excellent vulgarisms" which Horace Walpole delighted, in the bitterness of his heart, to register against the '*Statira*' of his letters to Sir Horace Mann:—

"There was a ball the other night in the Queen's apartments in dominoes and masks. The king made one of them. Next evening the triumphal car of the four seasons of the Duke of Madelona paraded the streets, a festino of the Cavalier on St. Lucia, which was stupid enough. There were few masks of character, and all seemed mute. We dined with Lady Orford, the daughter-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole, and now separated from her husband. She is very fond of whist, and is peculiar for always saying at the end, 'and two by honours,' by which declaration, if not always investigated, she often makes two more on her score than are her due, unless playing with those who are accustomed to her pranks. She is at the same time very severe with regard to others, and scolds famously both her partner and her antagonists. We were amused the other night at Lord Tilney's card party by a *scena*. A Mrs. Sperm, who is a sort of toady of Lady Orford's, and generally makes up her whist party, happened to have thirteen trump dealt to her. She was in great dismay, being frightened to death at Lady O., and feeling sure she would accuse her of cheating, at least by innuendos, if not openly. In her agitation she got up and asked leave to speak to Lord Tilney, to whom she told her distress, and asked him what she should do. 'Do, madam!' said he; 'why play them out to be sure.'

A royal portrait, given shortly afterwards, is worth hanging up:—

"The Queen has something very disagreeable in her manner of speaking, moving her whole face when she talks, and gesticulating violently. Her voice is very hoarse, and her eyes goggle. She has acquired a roundness in her shoulders, and is very fond of showing her hand, which is beautiful. If she sees or suspects the king to be taken with any woman, she plagues her life out, in horrid humour, and leaves no stone unturned to break off all connexion between them; whether from real jealousy, or apprehension of losing the power she has over her husband, which is very great, since she has got quit of old Tanucci. The king cries out in vain that his case is very hard, that he cannot go where he pleases, &c."

The rest of the court gossip about the Queen's jealousy of the Duchess of Lucciana and the *danseuse* Rossi, and her own gallantries, must pass—as also "the excellent hot supper at the ball at court, which every one eat on his knees," and Lady Orford's pleasant dinners. But here is a character in an anecdote:—

"The Prince of Stigliano is extremely timid. He refused the viceroyship of Sicily, until the king allowed him to take the Spanish regiment of Arragon cavalry with him. He sailed with it and landed with it. It happened soon after his arrival that he assisted at a procession, at the end of which the whole crowd threw down their torches, and bawled out '*Viva Maria! muora l'Inferno!*' The poor frightened viceroy, thinking the rebellious Sicilians were crying '*Muora il governo!*' was seized with violent convulsions, and forced to be carried into the sacristy."

Here is a royal *villeggiatura*, for which we must make room, were it only for the sake of Mr. Spence and Miss Snow:—

"We dined at Portici, at the Maggiordomo's, and afterwards saw the king draw up a detachment of the cadets, Lipariotes and chasseurs, and hold a council of war, like a child playing *à la madame*. At six, his majesty marched into the Boschetto, where we followed him. The advanced guards, his new Cacciatori, attacked and drove away the enemy's light troops; and after several skirmishes between the different corps, the defendants were obliged to retire into the castle; the besiegers then attacked and took by escalade a house in the woods. At eight o'clock the company came down to the Pallone, where a large vestibule or card-room was erected for the occasion, at one end of which was a very grand theatre, at the other an immense ball-room. Though run up in such a hurry, and slightly built, they are exceedingly elegant and well proportioned. We had a French play, after which we all adjourned to the card-room to take refreshments, and from thence to the ball. About twelve the king and queen retired, and soon after the assembly broke up, walk-

ing to their coaches by the light of a charming illumination, through the wood and large gardens, where the fountains formed a pleasing decoration. The presence of the sovereigns in these parties, instead of causing any formality, seems to make everything more jovial and merry. Next evening the ball was repeated, and many more English were invited. Mr. Spence and Miss Snow, by their furious dancing, entertained the king prodigiously; he was in roar of laughter, bravoed, clapped his hands, and encouraged them to skip and jump about. Each of them was conscious how much the other was laughed at, and took care to tell it to all the company, without suspecting that their own figure and performance could be the object of merriment. There was an Italian play, great stuff. The king continues to divert himself with his camp, pushing on trenches, besieging, &c., till the cadets and Lipariotes have quarrelled in good earnest, and begin doing mischief to each other. One of the latter was very dangerously wounded by being fired at too near. Whilst the *villeggiatura* was acting, a bomb was thrown into the castle, among the company."

At Naples, Swinburne met the Abbé Galiani, "one of the *beaux esprits* of Madame du Deffand's and Madame Geoffrin's society;" but we cannot linger among his good stories, having a Court anecdote or two in store. The first places us in the midst of an Italian *Gotham*:—

"When Charles the Fifth returned from Tunis, he travelled by land through Calabria and to Naples, and did much good by the road. Seeing Calabria without corn, and being told it was too mountainous and too cold for it to ripen, he ordered rice-seed to be brought from Germany. It succeeds well, and is now universal over these parts, where it is known by the name of 'Germano.' At La Cava, the town council met to consider what present they should give the Emperor. Some were for pine-apples, the kernels of which are of a vast size; but the majority carried it in favour of a kind of fig, which they cover with mats in winter, and in March (the time of the emperor's passing) the fruit is very ripe, and delicious eating. The emperor received the deputies very graciously, and expressing great surprise at the fineness of the fruit at that season of the year, inquired whether they could preserve any quantity of them, and whether they were in abundance. 'Oh!' said the wise mayor, 'we have such plenty that we give them to our hogs.' 'What,' said Charles, 'to our hogs?—then take your figs back again;' and so saying, he flung a ripe one full in the face of the orator. The courtiers, following the example of their sovereign, the poor deputies had their faces all besmeared and their eyes bunged out with the fruit. As they were returning from the audience, one of these sapient senators, taking the whole to be part of the ceremonial of a reception by an emperor, observed to his brethren how lucky it was they had carried the point in favour of figs; for, had they presented pine-apples, they would undoubtedly have had their brains knocked out."

"The other day the king met an old woman near Caserta, of whom he bought a turkey. She, not knowing the blackguard-looking fellow she was to be the sovereign, accompanied him towards the palace with his purchase. As soon as he appeared there, the drums beat, and the guards turned out; upon which, the old woman, who knew the signal, pulled him back, and told him to get out of the way, for that 'LOU PAZZO' was coming, who would run over them; and that 'lou rey pazzo' made nothing of trampling people under his horses' feet; and that he was constantly running about instead of minding his business, and so everything went *diavolo*. 'There is no justice,' added she, 'no law; and all things are extremely dear.' The king then conducted her in, and you may suppose that she was frightened out of her wits when she found out who was by his reception at the gate. His majesty, who was extremely diverted at her terror, made her repeat it all to the queen, who gave her some money. He never gives anything himself, but gets everything to be given by the queen. One day, however, he gave his eldest daughter an ounce, and the child seemed so delighted, and hugged him so much for it, that the queen could not help taking notice of it, and asking the princess why she showed such ex-

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joy for one piece, when she had so many from her upon fifty occasions. 'Oh, mama,' said the girl, 'but this is the first I ever was able to get out of paper!' The king was quite affected and absolutely cast down for some time by this reproach."

At this rate, we shall never have finished; and as the lords and ladies of the first volume are not one-half of them yet paraded—antiquities and natural objects being entirely out of the question—we will even make a long step—say Sicily, with its seductions of climate—and Rome with its countless antiquities—and Florence with its gallery and Sir Horace Mann's circle (the Chevalier Lorenzi not forgotten, whose *Lorenziana* contribute such a piquant chapter to the Grimm Correspondence)—Turin, with its court of "Corsican fairies"—and the whole return route to England. The next series of letters, which furnish their contingent, are those from Vienna; and even to these we can only be indebted for a single figure; but this is drawn at full length, and finished with great minuteness:—

"We went afterwards, in Sir Robert Keith's carriage, to dine with Prince Kaunitz at Laxenburg, two leagues distant from Vienna. There are avenues of horse-chestnut and lime-trees all the way in an open even country. Laxenburg is a small town in the hollow part of the great plain. There is an old chateau, newly patched up, and a strange low palace, the residence of the imperial family. The members of the nobility have their houses here; but that of Prince Kaunitz is the only grand one, and he has laid out a great deal of money upon it. There is one noble room; the rest are low and small for a person of such consequence. At dinner we had the Count de Burghausen, the Comtesse de Thun, the Comtesse de Clary, a young widow, the favourite of Kaunitz, and Baron Swieten, son of the famous physician, Mr. Beaky. After dinner the prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums; one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed, and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred implements in his pocket for this purpose—such as pincers of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His gums are innumerable. Nothing allusive to the malitia of human nature must ever be rung in his ears. To mention the small-pox is enough to knock him up for the day. I saw an instance of this; for Burghausen, having been long absent, came out with a black eye, and the prince looked as black as could be all the rest of the day. To derange the train of his ideas puts him sadly out of sorts. The other day, he sent a favourite dish of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease, and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who handed it to him. He is full of childish vanities, and wishes to be thought to excel in everything. He used to have a spiral glass for mixing the oil and vinegar for salads, which he shook every day with great parade and affectation. At last the bottle broke in his hands, and covered him and his two neighbouring ladies with its contents. A gentleman, opening a bottle of champagne to his mind, he called for one to give the company a lesson in uncorking and frothing the liquor: unluckily he missed the calculation of his parabola, and poured out the wine into his uplifted sleeve, as well as into his waistcoat, &c. By-the-bye, he is dressed very oddly; his wig comes down upon his nose, with a couple of small straggling curls on each side, placed in a very ridiculous manner. He is extremely fond of oiling, will swallow anything in its shape, and indeed lays it upon himself with a very liberal hand. One of his peculiarities is a detestation of musk. He is a sovereign Count of Rietberg, in right of his mother, which brings him in about 3,000*l.* a year. His paternal fortune is 4,000*l.* He has enormous debts, but gets 10,000*l.* a year from the empress, and is never stinted by her. His expenditure in fancies and trifles is incredible. He studied at Leipsic with great reputation, and is an excellent Latin scholar, and a Grecian; he understands English, French,

and Italian very perfectly, and reads a great deal, or rather a great deal is read to him. He has good taste, and has raised the arts from barbarism to great perfection at Vienna. In business he is intelligent, and far above any mean subterfuges or falsehoods. He is always silent when he does not choose to express his real sentiments. His wife was a Messalina, and after her death he took to actresses, whose dupe he was, to his cost. He has no affection for his children. The two eldest sons are *bornés*, but gentle, worthy creatures; the third and fourth absolute nonentities; the fifth a sad *roué*. Kaunitz rides very well, and is fond of showing off. The empress ordered his picture to be taken, and gave the inscription to be placed under it, denoting him to have been for three years her minister, her friend and her confidant. The emperor once entertained a great aversion for him, and a few years ago, Kaunitz, who fancies he can do everything, drew up the plan of a campaign, so supremely ridiculous, that the emperor was convinced he had nothing more than the pretensions and arts of a state quack. Of late, however, *il en est revenu sur son compte*, and is now convinced of his abilities, and is very intimate with him. *

"Kaunitz is the greatest tyrant and bashaw I knew; he has always some dishes and cakes (peculiar dainties) reserved for himself, which nobody dares to touch. As he mostly makes me sit near him, Madame de Thun warned me not to transgress, which perhaps put it into my head to do so, for I did not care a halfpenny about him. Accordingly I took an opportunity, and notwithstanding all the signs and distressed looks of my wife opposite, I succeeded in carrying off some of his favourite gaufres and sweetmeats. He looked very awkward, grew quite reserved, and *me bouda* for several days. I took no notice of his pettiness, which amused me extremely, and in about a week he came round of himself. I was walking from dinner through a long string of rooms, talking to the Nuncio, when I felt an arm thrown over my shoulder, and turning round saw it was Kaunitz, in high good humour. He said he wanted my opinion of a variety of pictures exhibited for his approbation, by Michel, the engraver of Basle, who makes him his dupe, for these pictures are absolute daubs. Amongst others is one of a poppy, which the Nuncio and I thought to be one of those exhibited at Rome, at the Ara de Massimi, price sixteen paoli. When the Grand Duke Leopold was to be married at Innspruck to the King of Spain's daughter, Prince Kaunitz went thither beforehand to see that everything was in order for the fete. The open, among the rest, engaged his attention, and he questioned Glück about it. The composer assured him that the performers, singers, and decorations were perfect. 'Well, then,' said the prince, 'let us have the opera directly.' 'How!' exclaimed Glück, 'without an audience?'—'Monsieur Glück,' he replied, 'sachez que la qualité vaut bien la quantité; je suis moi seul une audience.' He was obeyed, and I heard him tell this with great triumph."

Into a last nook and corner of space we must cramp one more original:—

"I afterwards accompanied Baron de Swieten on a visit to the old Prince of Saxe Hildburghausen, who, at eighty years old, can raise a weight of three hundred pounds. He always retires to his rest at eight o'clock, and as he walks from his salon to his bed-chamber, has men posted, who pull off his wig and clothes, so that he is ready for his bed by the time he gets to the door of his bedchamber. Thus scarcely two minutes suffice for his toilette."

So much, for one week, of Courts and Couriers! Our next notice will refer to a more interesting place and period, Paris after the Revolution; when the deluge, as it were, had begun to subside, and ancient landmarks, removed, tottering, and half destroyed, were seen desolately upholding their heads amid the slime.

The Martyrs of Science, or the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler. By Sir D. Brewster. Murray.

"*E pur si muove*,"—yes, the world does move, and so do we that live on it, though not so fast as many imagine. Notwithstanding the vast

increase of knowledge in the departments of physical science, and the partial demolition and decay of some ethical errors (the causes of great practical unhappiness), there is little ground for thinking with certain enthusiasts, that "the farce is over, and we may go to supper." The cause of intellectual independence is not gained. The right of free thought is not so firmly established, that we have nothing more to learn or to suffer, in its behalf. There is, it is true, no room to doubt that the Reformation in religion, by relieving mankind from the incubus of one sole infallible authority, has materially improved the condition of society, morally, scientifically, and politically, no less than in its relation to the point originally at issue. We are in no immediate likelihood of such a crusade against science, as that directed by the Church in Galileo's time against the Copernican system. We shall not see Mr. Babbage and his machine committed to the same flames, for a copartnership in witchcraft. Nor do we think it probable that the state will very soon again hang a priest for saying mass, or reward a renegade son for his religious apostacy, by endowing him with the forfeited estate of his father, who prefers (to parody a blunder of the once famous George Falkner) the "errors of his own religion to those of his neighbour's." But though knowledge, or rather the improved moral feeling that knowledge brings with it, has gained this triumph, yet is the human mind itself a combination of the same passions, obeying the same laws, and ready at any moment to manifest, we fear, the same passions, whenever the opportunity arises for the assertion of self-interest.

If, under these convictions, we are not disposed to place the passing age so pre-eminently in advance of its predecessors; neither are we prepared to attribute the cruelties of by-gone persecution, exclusively to the vices of the individuals who were the instigators of them. It is certain, indeed, that in those days human life was rated at a low value; but, considering the stake for which the Church then played, its antecedents, its habits of thought, and, above all, its sense of irresponsible authority, we have, perhaps more reason to be surprised at its moderation towards scientific innovators, than at its severity: and we ask ourselves whether, all things considered, there is not as much evil disposition manifested in the intolerance with which rival sects persecute and plague each other, in this much lauded nineteenth century, as was displayed by the persecutors of the Galileos in the sixteenth. The faggot and the cord, it is true, are no longer permissible instruments of religious or political controversy, as in the times of Huss and Servetus, but the ingenuity of power (whether lodged in Church, State, or public opinion) has employed other methods of enforcing silence, scarcely less painful to the mind of the sufferer. Neither is it an alleviation that persecution has passed from kings and popes into the hands of the people. Power, when vested in an individual, or in the few, is exerted with cruelty, in support only of a small circle of selfish interests,—at long intervals,—and with a conscious caution: in the hands of an illiberal, ignorant many, it is at once capricious in its direction, and constant in its malignity; and, as it leaves its victims no appeal save to posterity (an appeal from Alexander drunk to Alexander sober), it deprives them of their greatest consolation, the sympathy of their fellow men.

It is no sophistical assertion to maintain that, amidst all our boasted illumination, the principle of persecution, however formally rejected in theory, is upheld in practice in all its pristine authority; that, being brought home to

every man's door, and exerted on every petty occasion, there is as little real freedom allowed to unpopular thinking, as in the old times, when the trade of persecution was exclusively committed to the Ecclesiastical Courts and Star Chambers. We have neither space nor disposition to demonstrate this odious truth by example. The fact is too much of a noon-day sun splendour to require such illustration; and it is enough to point to the state of parties in this country, and to the leaven of religious intolerance that has festered them into their dangerous fermentation. At no period of our domestic history was a caution more necessary in the assertion of individual opinion; at no time was the face of science cloaked by more conventional plausibilities, or disfigured by more illogical concessions to dominant presumption.

Under the influence of such convictions, we took up the volume bearing for title 'The Martyrs of Science,' with some faint hopes that Sir D. Brewster was about to defend the rights of mind, and to assert the claims of thought to unimpeached freedom in its own domains, against the peculiar intolerance of the day. We were the more inclined to this hope because Kepler suffered no personal annoyance, and whatever Tycho may have endured, it was not traceable to an infallible and persecuting church, but to the ignorance and misapprehensions of contemporary opinion. In the person of Tycho we find no case as against the public authorities, either lay or clerical. On the contrary, Frederick II. of Denmark seems to have been a generous patron and protector. On the death of this monarch, indeed, it seems that the hostility of the nobles, who viewed his encouragement and reward with jealousy, "filled him with alarm." The president of the council, Walchendorp,—"a name which," says Sir David, "while the heavens revolve, will be pronounced with horror by astronomers," took advantage of the circumstance to appoint a commission to report on the nature and utility of his studies; and on their unfavourable return, he "prohibited him from continuing his chemical experiments." Coupling this fact with the asserted enmity of the physicians, who, it is said, "envied his reputation as a successful and a gratuitous practitioner," whose patients were cured "by the panaceal prescriptions of the astrologer," it does not appear too loose a conjecture to consider this "persecution" as directed against the charlatanerie of the alchemist and the fortune-teller, rather than against the truth-seeking labours of the astronomer.

But whatever may have been our author's views in adopting the first part of the title affixed to his book, they are so imperfectly made out,—not to say utterly abandoned—in the body of the work, as to leave his design in publishing an all but unguessable enigma. Whether the result proceed from indifference, the absence of much thought on the subject, or a participation in the too prevalent intellectual timidity of the age, there is absolutely no moral or philosophical conclusion derivable from the perusal. As compared with the lives of the same three astronomers, published by the Diffusion Society, the present production is less detailed, entering but little into the merely scientific matters connected with their story; it may therefore be designed as a gossiping and pleasant chit-chat, addressed to the more general public, and presenting them with such matter alone as they are likely to understand and enjoy. But admitting this condition, it is difficult to explain the vacillating and uncertain notions which the author has incidentally let drop as to the philosophy of his subject. On the whole, indeed, Sir David indulges a leaning against Galileo, and in behalf of the Papal party, more decided than

might have been expected from a professor of science and a Scotchman. According to the world, and the world's morality, there may, perhaps, be much reason in what he urges against Galileo in the following passage:

"But whatever allowance we may make for the ardour of Galileo's temper, and the peculiarity of his position; and however we may justify and even approve of his past conduct, his visit to Urban VIII., in 1624, placed him in a new relation to the church, which demanded on his part a new and corresponding demeanour. The noble and generous reception which he met with from Urban, and the liberal declaration of Cardinal Hohenzoller on the subject of the Copernican system, should have been regarded as expressions of regret for the past, and offers of conciliation for the future. Thus honoured by the head of the church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided he avoided that dogma of the church which, even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce. But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the church, and, having accepted of its alms, they owed to it, at least, a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the papal state owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman Pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies."

Such arguments are available enough in the ordinary questions arising out of the petty politics of our own days; and they are entitled to consideration in the estimate either of Urban's personal disposition, or of Galileo's force of character; but they must not be taken as excusing the abominable principle upheld by the Papal government, or as totally condemning Galileo in a situation of great difficulty, great novelty, and immense importance to the destinies of man. It is scarcely possible, in our times, to enter into the feelings of a philosopher, bursting with newly discovered truths, looking down from the heights of a noble science on the base intrigues of self-interested falsehood, undertaken in the hope to fetter mind, and deliberately to replunge society in the darkness of pristine error: it is difficult also to appreciate the dangers by which he was surrounded, and the necessity for adopting a tortuous policy, and availing himself of every chance that offered for carrying him through his appointed path.

That Galileo was, to a certain extent, treated with mercy, we have admitted in favour of the individual; but that fact is not available against the system; and we cannot go the whole length of Sir David's representation of the matter:

"During the whole of the trial which had now commenced, Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence. Abhorring, as we must do, the principles and practice of this odious tribunal, and reprobating its interference with the cautious deductions of science, we must yet admit that, on this occasion, its deliberations were not dictated by passion, nor its power directed by vengeance. Though placed at their judgment-seat as a heretic, Galileo stood there with the recognized attributes of a sage; and though an offender against the laws of which they were the guardian, yet the highest respect was yielded to his genius, and the kindest commiseration to his infirmities."

Here we detect the juggle, latent in all such general terms, as heretic—with its consequent euphemism "law," which prejudices the whole question. If the conduct of the inquisitors was not "dictated by passion," it must have been by systematic injustice; and if it was not directed

by vengeance towards the individual, it was (in the lawyers' phrase) by a spirit of malice against all mankind. It is the summing up, however, of the case that seems to us to be the most deeply, by siding with the strongest, and by the want of a proper fellow-feeling of the man of science with his brother:

"The ceremony of Galileo's abjuration was one of exciting interest, and of awful formality. Clothed in the sackcloth of a repentant criminal, the venerable sage fell upon his knees before the assembled Cardinals; and laying his hands upon the Holy Evangelists, he invoked the Divine aid in abjuring and detesting, and vowing never again to teach, the doctrine of the earth's motion, and of the sun's stability. He pledged himself that he would never again, either in words or in writing, propagate such heresies; and he swore that he would fulfil and observe the penances which had been inflicted upon him.* At the conclusion of this ceremony, in which he recited his abjuration word for word, and then signed it, he was conveyed, in conformity with his sentence, to the prison of the Inquisition. The account which we have given of the trial and the sentence of Galileo, is pregnant with the deepest interest and instruction. Human nature is here drawn in its darkest colouring; and in surveying the melancholy picture, *it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded*. While we witness the presumptuous priest pronouncing infallible the decrees of his own erring judgment, we see the high-minded philosopher abjuring the eternal and immutable truths which he had himself the glory of establishing. In the ignorance and prejudices of the age—in a too literal interpretation of the language of Scripture—in a mistaken respect for the errors that had become venerable from their antiquity—and in the peculiar position which Galileo had taken among the avowed enemies of the church, we may find the elements of an apology, poor though it be, for the conduct of the Inquisition. But what excuse can we devise for the humiliating confession and abjuration of Galileo? Why did this master-spirit of the age, this high-priest of the stars—this representative of science—this hoary sage, whose career of glory was near its consummation—why did he reject the crown of martyrdom which he had himself coveted, and which, plaited with immortal laurels, was about to descend upon his head? If, in place of disowning the laws of nature, and surrendering in his own person the intellectual dignity of his species, he had boldly asserted the truth of his opinions, and confined his character to posterity, and his cause to an all-ruling Providence, he would have strung up the half-suspended sabre, and disarmed for ever the hostility which threatened to overwhelm him. The philosopher, however, was supported only by philosophy; and in the love of truth he found a miserable substitute for the hopes of the martyr. Galileo cowered under the fear of man, and his submission was the salvation of the church. The sword of the Inquisition descended on his prostrate neck; and though its stroke was not physical, yet it fell with a moral influence fatal to the character of its victim, and to the dignity of science."

This is at once false in argument, and wrong in principle. Why, in the name of justice, are such allowances to be made for the errors of the partisans of a false, a pernicious, and a dishonest principle, for the oppressors of humanity, acting, not in a pardonable blindness, but a deliberate disbelieving pursuit of self, while human infirmity is to be reproached for yielding to a power that stood alone and unembodied on the face of the earth? Why, too, are we to suppose that Galileo had no religious hopes to sustain him in his trials? and, above all, how is the latter part of this passage to be conciliated with what follows closely after it?

"One of the most prominent traits in the character of Galileo, was his invincible love of truth, and his abhorrence of that spiritual despotism which had so long brooded over Europe. His views, however,

* It has been said, but upon what authority we cannot state, that when Galileo rose from his knees, he stamped on the ground, and said in a whisper to one of his friends, "E pur si muove." "It does move, though."—Life of Galileo. Lib. Useful Knowledge, part II. p. 63."

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were too liberal, and too far in advance of the age which he adorned; and however much we may admire the noble spirit which he evinced, and the personal sacrifices which he made, in his struggle for truth, we must yet lament the hotness of his zeal and the temerity of his onset. In his contest with the Church of Rome, he fell under her victorious hammer; and though his cause was that of truth, and hers that of superstition, yet the sympathy of Europe was not roused by his misfortunes."

But enough. We have marked numerous short passages, in which the author has exhibited less closeness of reason, less correctness of thought, or more deference to "timid but respectable bodies" [respected?] than we should have expected from such a writer; but we have much greater pleasure in bearing testimony to the merits of the publication, as a well written and very readable volume, and in extracting passages from which we have received unmixed pleasure.

The observations on the transmuters of metals are among these:—

"The charlatans, whether they deal in moral or physical wonders, form a race which is never extinct. They migrate to the different zones of the social system, and, though they change their place, and their purposes, and their victims, yet their character and motives remain the same. The philosophical mind, therefore, is not disposed to study either of these varieties of impostors; but the eccentricities and even the obliquities of great minds merit the scrutiny of the metaphysician and the moralist, and they derive a peculiar interest from the state of society in which they are exhibited. Had Cardan and Cornelius Agrippa lived in modern times, their vanity and self-importance would have been checked by the forms of society; and even if their harmless pretensions had been displayed, they would have disappeared in the blaze of their genius and knowledge. But nursed in superstition, and educated in dark and turbulent times, when every thing intellectual was in a state of restless transition, the genius and character of great men necessarily reflected the peculiarities of the age in which they lived. • • •

"The conduct of the scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions—that a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements—that gold and silver, and lead and mercury, and indeed all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt or a bit of sugar-candy—and that a diamond is nothing more than charcoal,—we need not greatly wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals and the noblest gems might be produced from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformations of chemical action; and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling. But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful re-agents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process; and men of well-regulated minds even might have been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult being offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on sound morality. When an ardent and ambitious mind is once dazzled with the fascination of some lofty pursuit, where gold is the object, or fame the impulse, it is difficult to pause in a doubtful career, and to make a voluntary shipwreck of the reputation which has been staked. Hope still cheers the aspirant from failure to failure, till the loss of fortune and the decay of credit disturb the serenity of his mind, and hurry him on to the last resource of baffled ingenuity and disappointed ambition. The philosopher thus becomes an impostor; and by the

pretended transmutation of the baser metals into gold, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone, he attempts to sustain his sinking reputation, and recover the fortune he has lost."

We must find room for one more extract—it refers to an argument of Kepler's against the Epicurean doctrine of chance, as applicable to the new star detected on the foot of Serpentarius:

"When I was a youth, with plenty of idle time on my hands, I was much taken with the vanity, of which some grown men are not ashamed, of making anagrams, by transposing the letters of my name, written in Latin. Out of *Joannes Keplerius* came *Serpens in Akuleo* (a serpent in his sting); but not being satisfied with the meaning of these words, and being unable to make another, I trusted the thing to chance, and taking out of a pack of playing cards as many as there were letters in the name, I wrote one upon each, and then began to shuffle them, and at each shuffle to read them in the order they came, to see if any meaning came of it. Now, may all the Epicurean gods and goddesses confound this same chance, which, although I have spent a good deal of time over it, never showed me anything like sense even from a distance. So I gave up my cards to the Epicurean eternity, to be carried away into infinity; and it is said, they are still flying about there in the utmost confusion among the atoms, and have never yet come to any meaning. I will tell those disputants, my opponents, not my own opinion, but my wife's. Yesterday, when weary with writing, and my mind quite dusty with considering these atoms, I was called to supper, and a salad I had asked for was set before me. 'It seems then,' said I, aloud, 'that if pewter dishes, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of water, vinegar, and oil, and slices of egg, had been flying about in the air from all eternity, it might at last happen by chance that there would come a salad.' 'Yes,' says my wife, 'but not so nice and well dressed as this mine is.'"

Though we could not refrain from a little dry discussion with Sir David, we once again recommend his volume, as a pleasant contribution to our scientific biography.

Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb. 3 vols. Bentley.

Our arch-enemy, Puffery, will never, we fear, cease to perplex and trouble us, till some literary Millennium shall make Paternoster Row as pious as its name. Who would have anticipated that these 'Adventures of a Coxcomb,' the subject of so many anxious negotiations between the most sensitive of publishers, and the most distinguished of all the Great Unknowns, who have from time to time come forth from their Mayfair retreats, to "fright the isle from its property"—would after all bear so strong a family likeness to some half-dozen of unclaimed fictions, which with their acknowledged brothers and sisters already crowd the circulating libraries and fill the pages of our magazines? Who could have expected that 'Cecil' would turn out clever enough to have dispensed with such preliminary flourishes? Not that the Coxcomb altogether keeps the promise of his name: he is not all and mere surface. His self-sufficiency and frivolity are rather garments put on and off as suits his humour: his heart—we doubt whether your thorough coxcomb has a heart—does not always beat in minutiae; but quickly enough, when the honourable Cecil gives utterance to some savage cynicism or bitter personality, which comes trippingly from his tongue, and is the expression of his real nature. In brief, the character, however cleverly drawn, is imperfect as a character. Tried for example, against Mirabel, to seek no further for our archetype—Cecil Danby's fashion has the air of a watering place; his experiences a scent of Chardin Houbigant's counter; and his wit, too much of that bottled-up smartness, which illustrates a party at Blackwall pleasantly enough—but has a twang and a snap louder and more metallic than acceptable in the social inter-

course of life. However, as a whole, Cecil Danby's coxcombry and adventures are amusing: his humour is searching and sarcastic; and the living spirit which animates his confessions holds out to the last. No plot, with beginning, middle and end, has trammelled the author. Cecil is a younger brother, with a hard mechanical nobleman for titular father; a foolish woman of fashion, a *replica* of Bulwer's Lady Frances Pelham, for his mother; a despised red-haired sister, who, as the tale proceeds, turns out a domestic beauty with auburn tresses—and a silent awkward elder brother, who, by his learning and genius, throws into shade the hero's petty renown in the world of cooks and curiosity mongers. A sketch of the father is vigorous enough to be worth transferring to our pages.

"My father was a man such as one rarely sees out of England; reserved, without being contemplative,—convivial, without being social; not mistrustful, yet having confidence in nobody; cold, unexpansive, undemonstrative; fulfilling his petty duties so gravely, as to impress people with a notion they were of some consequence; and by his gravity of air and paucity of words imparting a tone of mystery to his insignificance. He seemed afraid of letting himself know what he was about. Yet he had nothing to fear. God knows he never did anything worth speaking of! He was a moral man. His business with Hammer, with his banker, or with Lord Votefitch, might have been transacted at Charing Cross without injury to his fame or public virtue. Yet he seemed to dread that even his own man should be aware on Tuesday that on Wednesday he had an appointment with either of the three; and as to his wife—but for that reserve there was, perhaps, sufficient motive."

At his outset, Cecil is patronized by the plain-spoken hardened woman of *ton*, who deals in maxims, and is a fixture in fashionable novels. Here again we can in a few brief sentences, introduce the parties to our readers. At the close of Danby's first course in coxcombry, under Lady Harriet Vandeleur, she gives him a flower.

"A token of approbation and encouragement, Mr. Cecil Danby," said she, still continuing to examine her flowers, and occupy herself with their arrangement. "You have made fair progress. You have almost mastered the most difficult of London lessons,—to subside into a fraction of the multitude, and satisfy yourself with being a mere link in the chain of society. Those who pretend to more, will never become even that. You have no right, at present, to individualize; but must live and move, and have your being, in the life, movement, and sensibility of the mass."—"In one respect, I certainly feel with the mass!" cried I, with warmth; "in my adoration of—" "My carriage is at the door," interrupted Lady Harriet; "and if you have no better such acknowledgment to offer for my graciousness than such platitudes—" "Your graciousness!" I ejaculated, with an appropriate sigh of reproach. "Don't treat it too lightly," she replied; "for it is more the result of my indulgence, than of your merits. You are doing pretty well. You have learned to dress simply, to ride a quiet hack, and place yourself in the background of the picture. But you have still worlds of wisdom to acquire. You talk too much; you laugh too much. Your teeth are good; and your spirits high; but this does not suffice as an excuse for being heard in company, when others, with greater minds and smaller voices, are compelled to silence by your chattering."

Cecil now falls in love with a nameless beauty, and allows himself to be sneered out of the passion he has contrived to communicate to its object. From that time forward he is doomed to shipwreck in all his ventures of affection. Many are the vicissitudes which befall him. In one page Fate throws him into contact with a brilliant gipsy girl at Venice—in another leads him into a less exciting flirtation, with a "*femme incomprise*" of Paris, a lady who is at a loss for sorrows and sensations—in a third makes him a prisoner to a German lady, of

whom more presently, and whom the genuine Cecil Danby, we take leave to say, would have no more admitted on his love-list, than he would have enrolled in the *carte* of his election her countrymen's union of roast meat and plum jelly. Returning home, after other adventures we care not to enumerate, he once again falls in love with the daughter of a pushing baronetess. We must, in passing, introduce this lady:—

"Her greenish-gray eyes, fringed with black lashes, her white skin, her expressive lips, united their eloquence with her cheerful, joyous, youthful voice, to impart a charm to conversation pretending to nothing beyond rational common-place.—But rational common-place is, in the long run, that which pleases most. Wit keeps one too much on the alert to watch whether the shafts it launches attain their mark. Humour makes one nervous, lest it should degenerate into coarseness. Refined wisdom oppresses one with a sense of inferiority. Originality is a pretension that renders one critical. But plain, rational, common-sensical conversation, uttered by an agreeable girl, beside whom one is sitting in a comfortable cozy corner, wraps one round with a consciousness of comfort and repose. One has no fear of being startled,—no dread of being quizzed.—*C'est une nourriture saine et abondante.* One can fancy a long winter evening cheered by such a companion, with the aid of a good fire, good tea, and the last good novel."

Again the clubs and the coteries raise their eye-brows; and again the coxcomb draws back—as if a coxcomb could doubt his own taste, and his own power to elevate whomsoever he condescended to!—Helena, by a sudden and a brilliant marriage, beats him at his own weapons, and gets a coronet and a fool. Rumours pass about that the marriage might have been a happier one; but Cecil Danby easily satisfies himself, and goes yachting with some agreeable friends. Here is their return to England:—

"The Mereparks were in high spirits because about to be reunited to their children and park palings:—I, from the force of sympathy. The tide took us in at dusk. The cheerful lights of the city were gleaming in all directions; and the familiar cries of an English crowd greeted us as a friendly salutation. On arriving at the hotel we were eager for dinner; hailing as delicacies those much contemned simplifications of cod and oyster sauce,—partridges and panada,—and other items of English fare, which would make Paris die of an indigestion. Merepark and I resolved to make a carouse of it. I never felt in higher glee. I had a charming autumn before me; first a week at the Royal Cottage,—next a capital party for pheasant shooting at —— Abbey; and after roughing it for a few weeks, one feels that the smooth sumptuities of a lordly establishment are not altogether enviable. As we were to start early, Lady Merepark wished me good night when she retired from the dinner-table; and Merepark and I ordered a fresh bottle of claret, drew our chairs closer to the fire, and began to give way to the feeling of social communicativeness, which the first fire of the season is sure to inspire. England is the only country in the world where men shut out the chaste creation, and prowl over their wine; which I conclude is what renders our morals so superior to the residue of civilized Europe. On that occasion, we indulged. We talked over adventures of our old Downing Street days, and laughed over events of more recent occurrence at Palermo, till we neither of us saw any fault to find with our claret,—a proof that we did not see very clearly.—Nay, having persuaded Merepark, who though now on dry land, was half-seas-over, to indulge me with a drinking song he had learnt at

—fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea,

from a rollicking Spanish muleteer,—the room began to be filled with shapes resembling those that clustered round the loneliness of St. Anthony!—I have little doubt that Byron, when galloping half-mad,—half-intoxicated,—through the pine-woods, after solemnizing those terrible obsequies of Shelley, felt much as I felt that night!—I know not what else prompted me to blaspheme as I did, all that was good and fair, in my confidences to my companion. If in Satan's memorandum-book be enregistered all

the abominable falsehoods interchanged between man and man, on such occasions, I suspect the account will contain many a grievous crime unwhipped of justice. Merepark's stupid maudlin wonder and applause encouraged me to exaggeration, till I began to describe all sorts of imaginary adventures with the graver of Callet and the periods of poor little Matt Lewis.—Heaven forgive me!—At last, it was time to retire. The fire was burnt out,—the wine was drunk out,—the candles were about to follow their example, and disappear also.—We went laughing and pushing each other up stairs, like two silly schoolboys.—Everybody was in bed in the house, but the drowsy waiter who had sat up to give us our bed candles. When we reached No. 4, Merepark, after several ineffectual attempts to turn the handle of the door, blundered in, wishing me good night; while I proceeded towards the end of the corridor, to the room where, before dinner, I could just remember having washed my hands. I suppose the wine I had drunk did not tend to increase the clearness of my perceptions,—for, having reached the one I conceived to be mine, I threw it open with violence,—bursting in, to take possession of my territories. An exclamation of 'hush!' was the first sound that saluted me; unnecessary, however,—for the startling spectacle before me sufficed to paralyze my faculties. It was the chamber of death,—a gorgeous coffin,—two gorgeous coffins,—with lights burning at the head, and domestics in deep mourning, keeping watch over the dead!—Sobered by the awful spectacle, and deeply ashamed of my intrusion, I was retreating in haste. Already the waiter was at my heels, with apologies, explanations, and offers to conduct me to my own room. 'They had said nothing about the body, thinking it might be disagreeable to the lady to sleep under the same roof with a corpse. But they could assure me it was only there for the night. The funeral had arrived late in the evening, and was to be embarked early in the morning for Ireland. The bodies were on their way to my lord's family vault in the county of Limerick.' I had scarcely reached the threshold of my own door, when the fellow made this communication. Staggering to a chair, I had just strength to demand the name of the family seat in the county of Limerick,—I had not courage to pronounce that of the dead.—'I think the butler said Craig's Castle, sir; but my Lord Wolverton has another seat in—*' * * * * I heard no more!—Helena, my Helen! While I was defiling her innocent name, by words that ought to have festered my lying lips, she lay dead—dead—within my reach! The uproar of my senseless merriment must have shaken the heavy folds of her pall!"

We cannot allow our readers to part from "Cecil" under the painful impression which the above scene must create. A glimpse at the "Charlotte" of the story will perhaps be as good a medicine for their sadness as the book offers. We will not exhibit her when in the agonies of dinner; for the reader doubtless, like Byron, loves not to see a pretty woman gorge: and *apropos*, Byron's friend—the real Cecil Danby—would never have so minutely chronicled the feeding scene, as our "Coxcomb" has done. Here is a picture of the lazy hour after the gross meal:—

"A casual observer might spend six months in Germany, particularly in Rhenish Germany, and carry away an impression that the men were never without pipes in their mouths, or the women without knitting-needles in their hands. I once saw the body of a drowned woman taken out of the Rhine, round which five anxious individuals were clustered, labouring to minister to its resuscitation. Not one of them dreamed of removing his pipe from his mouth, while the work of life and death was proceeding under his hands! Nay, I once saw a fair Tedesca exposed to the soliciting of a lover, eloquent as Mephistopheles, impassioned as St. Preux, tender as Romeo, enterprising as Lovelace, and handsome as Antonie de Noailles,—who proceeded the while with her lambwool-stocking, as industriously as the witch of the Caucasus! I do not say who it was;—the name of the parties is nothing to the purpose; but she plied those two long, black, whalebone knitting-needles as if the fate of the universe hung upon her stitches!—But, lest any unkind person,—and the world to which I write is as bitter

as Rochefoucault's maxims or the elder daughter of Lear,—should ascribe the imperturbability of the heroine to lack of merit in the hero, I beg to add, that I have seen in the Hof Theater of Vienna (the central heart of German civilization,) a gentle creature weep Danubian tears over the sorrows of Thekla or the woes of Amalia,—then, almost ere the curtain fell, certainly before the bodies were cleared from the stage, quietly re-assume her confounded knitting-needles, as though they contained balm for her wounded feelings! As to me, I swear that if Cleopatra had invited me to sail with her on the Cydnus, and under her purple canopy chosen to amuse herself with knitting, even though the stocking or brace were destined to Cecil Danby in lieu of Mark Antony, I should have dropped asleep while watching the hitching of her fair hands and jerking of her majestic elbows. By all this, my public will be induced to conjecture that I had some difficulty in keeping my eyes open under the influence of the evening sun, the buzzing flies, the two o'clock dinner, the Rhenish wine, and the detestable stichery upon which the blue eyes of Wilhelmina von Schwanenfeldt were riveted, while I tried to make it intelligible to her that the individual seated by her side on the sofa, and usually divided from her by the width and Andernach pavement of a street,—was nearer akin to her in all the brighter sensibilities of the soul, than the stamping Herr Bau-Bau-Weg-Inspector, or any other native of the land which wrote Werte, and luxuriates in sausages and small beer. I poured out my soul in a happy mixture of French, English, German, Latin, and gibberish; and as she had sufficiently comprehended the same when I tried to make her understand that I did not eat apricot-sauce with my *fois gras*, I thought she might prove equally intelligent when I talked about the stars and the flowers.—Schatzchen,—heliotropiums,—kindred souls,—the music of the spheres,—the immortality of love,—and all the other little nothings-at-all with which the Cupids of the banks of the Rhine tip their arrows, as Camdeo, or those of the Ganges, tippeth *his* with beer and roses. At every fresh outburst of sentiment, Wilhelmina gently raised her eyes from her knitting, and fixed them upon me,—large, dilated, and blue as one of Wedgewood's saucers;—then, letting them fall again upon her quilt, as once more I launched forth into those rhapsodies which, from the days of Jupiter of Alcmena, to those of Dr. Dionysius ever strove to shake the foundations of conjugal fidelity,—gently uplifted them once more, at the conclusion, as a wax doll at the instigation of the wire wherewith her little lady silently uncloses her glassy eyes."

As a specimen of the philosophy scattered here and there throughout the work, we shall string together a few passages:—

"One might fancy all the little boys one meets were heirs apparent,

For them, the Tyrian murrey swimmeth: and all the little girls, countesses in embryo. They are not only clothed in purple and fine linen, Flanders lace and Oriental cashmores, but we hear of nursery governesses, nursery footmen, the children's carriage, the children's pair of horses! Now that Turkey is brought down from her stilts, I am of opinion that the only despotism extant in Europe is the nurseryarchy of Great Britain, with its viziers and janizaries,—head nurses and apothecaries,—ladies' doctors and Lilliputian warehouses."

"A sensation is a vulgar triumph. To keep up the excitement of a sensation, you must always be standing on your head, (morally speaking,) and the attitude, like everything overstrained, would become fatiguing to yourself and tedious to others. Whereas, to obtain permanent favour, as an agreeable well-bred man, requires simply an exercise of the understanding."

"I abominate monasteries. Two things peculiar to the cloister are my especial detestation: the smell of human fastness,—and the aspect of human hypocrisy. The faces one sees in such places, are as much made up in their way, as that of a *petite malice*. Rouge and patches are not the only foreign aids of ornament by which people may falsify their visage. Humility, piety, patience, may sit just as discordantly upon the countenance, as white lead or painted eyebrows! The soft deprecating voice of an old monk is my ideal of the accents of Satan."

"Free individuality to millions of force it may have a dozen Petersbergs,—and themselves or ame knuckles. Thomas between as much tabby employ. 'Peo... jet un... but the add and sand, w... half the... We smart... quince... classic... other p... the aut... honour... criticis... —trans... sage, i... Times, Germ... Tran... Thou... The g... seems... its prin... readers... indeed... various... of both... has hit... many o... now be... Menze... supply... that th... prehens... its live... moreov... excited... the aut... attinm... These belon... haps h... united... gather... quickn... of diss... and t... every k... impar... and an... tendenc... no sati... contem... Para... may ne... a task... better... The ab... exempl... more t... and sub... which featur...

From the days of Plato, I scarcely know an individual qualified to think for himself, in opposition to his times and country. It requires about a million of men to form an Opinion with a degree of force entitling it to be stereotyped. I hold, (I fear it may be a Danbyical dogma,) that there are about a dozen capital Thinkers in Europe, patented to have notions of their own;—viz. London, Paris, Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Madrid, Munich, and so forth. These have a right to argue among themselves, on all topics affecting the enlightenment or amelioration of mankind. But little rap-on-the-knuckles disputation between the egotism of John Thomson and the egotism of Tom Johnson,—or between Cis Danby and Lord Merepark,—are just as much to the purpose, as the spitting of two tabby cats, or the snarling of two terriers out of foreigners."

"People who blow hot and cold upon every subject under discussion, keep alive one's attention; but the moment they begin to blow tepid, they only add an unit to the soul-less eight hundred thousand, whose tedious humdrum psalmody puts to sleep half the better purposes of the nobler spirits of this other sphere."

We have done: the fault of the work is over-smartness—it is like "an apple pie made all of quinces." The smatterings of quotation from classical authors are out of place, if they had any other purpose than to mystify the reader as to the authorship. On the same principle has the honourable Cecil—by way of anticipating the criticisms his *quince-style* was sure to draw down—transplanted into his preface a *bond fide* passage, if our memory serve us right, from *The Times*, in its review of Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

German Literature. By Wolfgang Menzel. Translated from the German, with notes, by Thomas Gordon. 4 vols. Oxford, Talboys.

The growing popularity of German literature seems to call for some comprehensive view of its principal features for the use of English readers. Detached portions of the subject have indeed been presented to them of late years by various competent hands; but, with the exception of Taylor's *Historic Survey*—which was both prejudiced and incomplete,—no attempt has hitherto been made towards a general summary of the whole. The translator of the work now before us appears to have considered M. Menzel's essay as likely, in some measure, to supply this deficiency; and it must be allowed that the choice was recommended by the comprehensive nature of the treatise, as well as by its lively style and moderate volume. It is moreover a work which has, for various reasons, excited no little attention in Germany; where the author is known as a man of considerable attainments and more than common ingenuity.

These, however, are not the sole requisites belonging to a task of this nature. It is perhaps hardly to be expected that all should be united in an individual writer: the industry to gather and arrange the mass of details; the quickness of capacity to apprehend the character of dissimilar productions; the judgment to select, and the feeling to admire, what is excellent in every kind: and, above all, the clearness of an impartial eye, undimmed by anger or prejudice; and an utter forgetfulness of selfish or personal tendencies. And yet without such qualifications no satisfactory performance of the history of a contemporary literature can be expected.

Paradoxical as the idea may seem to be, it may nevertheless be questioned whether for such a task a foreigner completely instructed in it is not better fitted, in many respects, than a native. The absence in him of any party bias, and his exemption from the heats of literary strife, may more than compensate for his defects in minute and subtle perception; and the very distance from which he surveys the subject renders its larger features relatively more distinct than they appear,

to one who views it more nearly at hand. That the best native histories of literature have been written of the past, by men of retired lives, and independent of other authorship, seems to confirm this view. Such were the labours of Tira-boschi and Antonio; and yet, for general clearness of summary, and liberal criticism, we are disposed to attach a higher value to the productions of men like Ginguené, Bouterwek and Sismondi, who wrote their literary histories as foreigners.

The author of the *Essay* now under review (for it does not profess to be more), is far from possessing the equanimity which we have insisted upon. His peculiar temperament, and the events of his personal and literary career have made him an enthusiastic partisan; and have inured him to continual warfare. A caustic reviewer, an eager politician, and a sententious essayist, he is not the guide we should implicitly follow in a path which leads us into the midst of those with many of whom he has for the last ten years been at deadly feud. His early vexations as an exile on political grounds have left a soreness of temper, which rankles in all his reflections; and in the various literary contests which have busied him since his return to Stuttgart, in 1826, he has committed himself to opinions which cannot but stand in the way of an impartial notice of his country's literature. It was therefore to be expected that he would compose a brilliant polemic treatise, rather than a faithful history; it is at all events certain that the work now before us cannot be accepted as such. As the production of an ingenious and original mind, remarkable for activity and boldness, it will be read with pleasure—the severity with which he censures and ridicules, and the sarcastic wit which seasons his invective, will render it attractive to many whom a calmer writer would tire: but the work will rather mislead than assist the student, if indeed the colours with which Menzel has depicted his subject do not altogether deter him from seeking to approach it more nearly. The effect of the whole is feverish, abrupt, and discouraging; it is rather an angry lecture, addressed by the author to his own countrymen, than an account from which the foreign reader can derive either comfort or instruction.

This is not the only circumstance which impairs the usefulness of Menzel's treatise. His own disquisitions on the several topics under which he has classified the matter of his book,—religion—education—history—philosophy—poetry, &c.—occupy by far the largest part of the work; and, with very few exceptions, the notices of those who have written on these subjects are hardly more than an enumeration of their names, accompanied with a word or two of praise or blame; so that little can be gathered from them, by one who has no previous knowledge of the authors, beyond a notion of Menzel's own views on the several heads of this classification. Some principal names, such as Schiller, Goethe, Schelling, Tieck, &c., are treated more at length; but even of these he rather dilates on the alleged general character and tendencies, than particularizes their works. There is moreover some apparent caprice in his distribution of notice amongst the authors cited;—a few lines are all that he can spare for Richter—while half a chapter is bestowed on Tieck—and Börne occupies as many pages as he gives paragraphs to Hoffmann or Wieland. In fact, the writers who do not furnish matter for the illustration of his particular views are despatched in general with a very hasty survey, however eminent their literary deserts may have been.

The reference of everything in the compass of letters to his notions of political and social

progress, appears to warp his judgments in a manner which cannot fail to perplex the student. The defects which are lightly touched in some writers, are discovered with little justice in others, and visited with great severity. We do not object to his eloquent defence of Wieland's morality, or to his gentle mention of the levities of Thummel and Langbein, until he surprises us by harsh denunciations of the immorality of such authors as Goethe and Schlegel; and his unsparing ridicule of the sentimentalists loses credit with the reader, when he finds the absurdities of Justinus Kerner mentioned with respect, and abundant eulogies bestowed on Rückert Muskau!

Amongst the objects of his severity may be cited the eminent names of Voss, the Schlegels, Schulze, Johann von Müller, Hegel, and Zschokke; but he has chiefly distinguished himself by bitter hostility to Goethe, whom it has been his constant labour for many years to depose from the place awarded to him in the general estimation of Germany. In this unsparring warfare, the accusation of systematic immorality—of a want of true original genius—and of almost every defect, redeemed only by beauty of form, are brought against his writings; and the man is denounced as an Epicurean, a hollow aristocrat, as the pattern of political baseness, and a designing corrupter of the health of his country's morals. Nay, he is even made responsible for the most inconceivable matters, such as the vagaries of Bettine, and the suicide of poor Charlotte Stieglitz. The very excess of these denunciations may awaken a suspicion of their injustice; it is however out of our power to examine them here, and it may suffice to say that they have found no echo in Germany, save amongst a few dissolute and worthless men. The accusation of Goethe on the ground of his aversion to political strife, has however been so often, and, as we think, so unfairly urged, that we cannot refrain from quoting his own eloquent words on this matter, uttered a few days only before he closed his long and laborious career. They are recorded by Eckermann, as follows:—

"If the poet will effect anything in politics, he must devote himself to some party—and as soon as this takes place, he is lost as a poet; he must bid farewell to the freedom of his spirit, to his unchained energy; and draw the hood of contracted prejudices and blind aversion over his eyes. The poet will love his fatherland as a man and a citizen; but the home of his poetic energies and actions is the good, the noble, and the beautiful—restricted to no particular region; these he embraces and portrays wheresoever they are found—as the eagle, hovering with a free glance from land to land, asks no question whether the prey on which it swoops may roam in Saxony or in Prussia. And what then is meant by loving your country?—what do you mean by 'patriot labours'? When a poet has toiled throughout a long life, to assail mischievous prejudices, to remove illiberal notions, to enlighten the spirit of his people, to purify their taste, and to ennoble their thoughts and feelings—what better than this could he do?—are not these patriotic exertions?—You know that I commonly take no heed of what they write concerning me; but still it comes to my ears; and I well know that for all the pains and toil of my long life, there are people who count these as nothing, because I have refused to take part in political conflicts. To please them I should have become a member of some Jacobin club, and preached assassination and bloodshed! But let us say no more on this wretched subject, lest in protesting against injustice I should myself become unjust!"

Until it shall be proved that all men, whatever their several proper gifts may be, are bound to labour in the same vocation we must take leave to consider this vindication as conclusive.

The irregularities and defects of Menzel's book must not, however, blind us to its better qualities. We believe him to be, although pas-

sionate, thoroughly sincere, and the fire of his indignation is kindled by what he imagines, however erroneously, to be hostile to the welfare of his country. He has done good service in denouncing the profligate crew of writers styling themselves "Young Germany;" his dissection of much that is sickly, false, and affected in the writers of these and of former times, is no less wholesome than happy; and the warmth of his feelings lends uncommon beauty to the eulogies which he bestows on the few whom he delights to honour, and who, it must be said, are in general worthily chosen. His portrait of Schiller is equally true and beautiful; indeed, there are few pieces in the German language more eloquent and striking than the passage which he consecrates to the memory of that great poet and noble-hearted man. His expositions of the various parts of his subject are in general masterly: the work abounds with lively illustrations and acute remarks; and his style (a rare merit in German prose writers) is concise and pointed. In short, the work, with all its failings, must be mentioned with respect, as the production of an ingenious, sincere, and diligent man, whose very deviations from sobriety and fairness are extenuated by the evident honesty of feeling whose warmth has led him astray. But we must repeat, that he is the last author to be selected as a guide by those who are not already well versed in German literature.

Mr. Gordon's translation appears to be on the whole respectably performed, although in places the meaning of the author is not clearly rendered; and not a few instances of haste or carelessness may be found, especially in the two concluding volumes. The notes which he has appended to the text, chiefly describing the authors cited, would have been a useful addition, but for the gross inaccuracy of the printer, who has made such havoc, with dates especially, that no reliance can be placed on them. There is hardly a foreign word or quotation which is not wrong printed; and the execution, as far as correctness is concerned, is altogether discreditable to the press in an university town.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Corse de Leon, or the Brigand, a Romance, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 3 vols.—A spider's thread, strengthening as it lengthens, would hardly be more surprising than the phenomenon presented by Mr. James's later novels. This is an increase rather than a diminution of power; a concentration, not a dilution of incident. 'Corse de Leon,' in short, is decidedly one of the best of the whole long series, and ought to be especially welcome to those who have proved that a love for romance is not extinct, by their friendly reception of its predecessors. To state the reign of Henry the Second, of France, as its period,—the exploits of M. le Marechal de Brissac's army in Savoy and Piedmont, as having suggested the cast of some of its main incidents, and the melancholy death of the monarch as affording that scenic close which novelists love to arrange, is all we shall do towards indicating the texture of the story. Those who are cunning as regards the fabrication of historical fiction, will perceive that such indication neither includes the main prop of the intrigue—the Brigand who gives his name to the novel; nor its pair of villains, whom we may announce as the Count de Meyrand and the Marquis of Masserano; nor its pair of lovers, whom we may also name as Isabel de Brienne and Bernard de Rohan. Court life, intrigue, and pageantry in old Paris—brigandage and captivity among the mountain fortresses of a picturesque country—and true love, as pure from all the grosser passions, as Mr. James never fails, of honourable purpose, to paint it—what more could gentle reader desire? Nothing, save that so well-contrived and stirring a story should have been spared a lengthy dedication, so needlessly flowery and verbose as Mr. James has seen good to prefix to 'Corse de Leon,' in the form of a letter to His Majesty the King of the Belgians. Six lines—nay, six words,

might have been made equally expressive, and would assuredly have looked less like flattery.

The Domestic Management of the Sick Room, &c.
by A. Todd Thomson, M.D.—No one will, we imagine, deny, that the author is correct in thinking a work on this subject to be wanting in medical literature. No one who has ever practised as a physician or surgeon, but will be ready to denounce the ignorance, and still more the conceit and presumption, of nurses and friends, as among the most formidable obstacles to professional success. As far as regards the mere hireling nurse, the public hospitals afford a great practical school, which provides a few persons not very far below the requisite qualifications; but their services might be rendered more extensively useful, if to their coarse experience, a regular course of theoretical instruction were added, and pains were taken to note and to develop in the individual those moral qualities which are not less essential to the character of a good nurse, than an acquaintance with the routine of ordinary duties.—With respect to friends and relations, the case is less manageable. It will be long before females, more especially, shall receive any physiological instruction to fit them for the discharge of their parts as mothers and wives; and there is too much reason to believe, that if an honest and conscientious schoolmistress were to introduce her pupils to the bed-side of sickness, and accustom them to the sight and management of disease, it would be made matter of serious complaint, as compromising their safety. We are thousands of leagues away from common sense and good feeling on such matters. In the meantime, Dr. Thomson's work may afford instruction to such persons as add to a naturally strong intellect, good dispositions, a sense of duty, combining with the faculty for reasoning, self-prompted and independent. It embraces the two points of moral conduct, and of matter-of-fact detail, which go, as we have said, nearly in equal degrees to constitute a fit and serviceable attendant on the sick. We will not take upon ourselves to say, whether the information it affords be all that is wanted, or that the subjects have, in all cases, been chosen with equal knowledge of the necessities of the case; but the volume, taken as a whole, may be read with profit by those whom it concerns, and will afford an useful addition to the library of the young wife and mother.

The Creed of St. Athanasius proved by a Mathematical Parallel.—We should not have noticed this precious piece of absurdity had we not happened to see it lie on the counter of a respectable bookseller,

who evidently thought he was placing a choice thing under his customers' eyes. There is a tendency in some minds to attempt making numerical mysteries, which is as annoying to the mathematician as the theologian: and the latter, though offended at the presumption and disgusted with the tendency, does not see the abuse of the instrument employed so clearly as the former. There was one Peter Bungus, who in 1618 published mysteries of numbers, and who, when he had made the number of the Beast out of *Leo decimus*, with an M to spare, found out, after much puzzling, that this odd M stood for *mysterium*.

much puzzling, that this old *stood for mysterium*, which he says comforted him greatly. This was Bungus the first; the author of the tract with the above title is about Bungus the fortieth, in order of time, and Bungus the millionth in absurdity. What will the mathematician say to the mathematical symbol of infinity (∞) raised to the power of f for the Father, multiplied by m (the coefficient of the human nature) and raised to the power of s for the Son, and raised to the power of g for the Holy Ghost? This is enough for a specimen; we have no wish to annoy any one of our readers more than justifiable exposure compels us to do. The only thing which this tract proves is, that the author himself knows nothing of the infinitesimal calculus. All infinites are equal, is his notion: to the mathematician not a word more need be said. Judging from the respectable place in which we saw this trumpery exposed for sale, and from other things we suspect

exposed for sale, and from other things, we suspect that some persons have that mysterious notion about the powers of mathematics which was once very common. To such we would offer our assurance that there is no common sense so very common as the common sense of mathematics. If great results are obtained, it is as great houses are built, by putting

together very large numbers of little bricks. Any one who goes to the roof, and sees an immense prospect, need not make a mystery of the reason why, for if he will only look as he goes down again, he will see all the little bricks and the mortar which joins them together. They may depend upon it, that whenever a person talks mysteriously of numbers, or proposes to make results out of numbers which are themselves *anything but numbers*, he is, if honest, very ill informed, and *bungoose*. If, therefore, any one should say that at the top of the high tower, called that of exact science, people stand on the air, the most unmathematical reader may undertake to inform him that he is wrong; that those who stand at the top are on the highest stones, which rest upon the next highest, and so on, until the lowest rest on the ground; which ground is there, because it is God's pleasure that it should be there, and for no other imaginable reason that our faculties can reach. The ground of the mathematics is made of notions common to all men, such as that—if A be B and B be C , A is C —two straight lines cannot inclose a space—and the like. No creed, no opinion, no simple question of external fact, ever was or can be settled from the consequences of such axioms unaided by knowledge drawn from other sources: all the mathematics in the world could not demonstrate the existence of a single blade of corn, or one of its uses or properties.

The Combustion of Coals, and the Prevention of Smoke chemically and practically considered, by C. W. Williams, exhibits a popular view of the nature of combustion. The author's object appears to be to point out a method of economizing fuel, by so regulating the furnace in which the fuel is burned, that sufficient air shall be admitted to consume the whole of the combustible matter, without carrying any portion away in the form of smoke. There is more than theory in his idea, that "smoke consumers" are visionaries. We have exemplified in the treatise, a custom which is becoming now too prevalent—viz. that of ascribing to mere popular authors, originalities which the latter have borrowed from primary or secondary sources, and have clothed in a new garb. Thus we are told (p. 93) that Dr. Reid proves "that gases of different densities do not mingle rapidly"—*fact proved* before the birth of the alleged demonstrator. Again, plagiarism is supported at p. 18, where the reader is informed that a series of analyses of coal is given in an unknown review, without any notice of the original source,—the *Annalen der Pharmacie*, and the *Newcastle Transactions*.

Practical Introduction to Greek Accidence, by T. K. Arnold, M.A.—This is a useful, because a very practical introduction to the study of the Greek language; in some places the author has created needless difficulties by his affection of German phraseology. Without at all entering into the discussion of the relative merits of Saxon and Latin derivatives, we think that the attempt to supersede the latter by such substitutions as “word-building” for “construction” is a very hopeless enterprise, and furthermore not worth the trouble of a struggle, even if it had a chance of success.

Mathematical Dissertations, by J. R. Young.—These are—1, On the Theory of the Co-ordinate Signs;—2, On the Curvature of Surfaces;—3, Proof of the Incommensurability of the Circle (which we think defective as it stands, though it might perhaps be completed);—and, 4, On Sturm's Theorem. The last paper contains a method of abridging the labour of using Sturm's celebrated theorem. Another had been proposed by a writer in the 'Penny Cyclopaedia,' and each, we imagine, is the shortest in some cases. A reduction of the labour of Sturm's theorem, or a completion of Fourier's, is the grand desideratum in the theory of equations at present, and Mr. Young has done something towards the former; but it is still awful work, as many of his pages testify.

Recollections, Etc. Miscellaneous Poems, by J. J. Jonson.—The 'Recollections' refer to the author's travels, and the 'Miscellaneous Poems' are, for the most part, classical and mythological. We are tired of characterizing; and this author shall be his own best interpreter. The following poem from the latter division of the volume, "writes" itself "down" so expressively, that any description of ours would be more feeble and less courteous:—

The Mermaids.
I see them now—but hist!
Over the face of the waters
Those sea-born daughters
Are moving along,
To the voice of song,
Enshrouded in robes of mist!

I see them now—but hist!
Mine eye is grown bolder;
I mark each white shoulder;
I see each fair bosom,
More fair than peach blossom;
Ah! sure I'm a visionist!

I see them now—but hist!
Such sweet notes are swelling,
They seem from the dwelling
Of seraph on high;
In the blue, blue sky!
Each maid is a lutanist!

I see them now—but hist!
The late-tones are blending
With the voices ascending;
Oh! no one can tell
Of those wild notes' swell;
Not one, save an amortist!

I see them now—but hist!
Each lovely maiden
With bright locks laden,
In beauty is stealing,
New beauty revealing;
Oh! list to those sweet notes—list!

I see them now—but hist!
Lo! her fair long tresses
Each maiden she dresses;
Whilst sportively singing,
Over the waves they are springing,
And in marvellous mazes twist!

I see them now—but hist!
They are calling on me
From the waves of the sea—
"Child, child of clay,
Come away! come away!
Thou canst no longer resist!"

I see them now—but hist!
I am coming, I come
To your fairy home;
I am mad with the charms,
I spring to the arms
Of the maidens with robes of mist!

Guides to Trade and Service.—Since our last notice, there have been added to the series—*The Tailor*, *The Shoemaker*, 2nd part—*The Shepherd*—*The Ploughman*, and *The Poultry Maid*.

Books for Children.—The Americans beat us in books for children—as we have this day felt while looking over a heap of such literature, and remembering how often on similar occasions, Miss Sedgwick, and Miss Leslie, and others of the Transatlantic sisterhood, have lured us back into our childish days and interests, by their earnest manner of narration and their simple appeals to feelings which abide with all of us, from the cradle to the coffin.—Yet most of the English books we shall enumerate belong to the better class.—The first is *Chivalry and Chivalry*; illustrated by the *Lives of Bertrand du Guesclin and John Howard*. This is a well-imagined contrast, between what is showy, and what is genuine in greatness. Many years ago, we heard Miss Jewsbury declare that she had planned such a little work, to be called 'Conquerors and Benefactors,' which was to appear in the short-lived 'Juvenile Library.'—Is the book, then, before us a confection from her sketches and rough materials? If so, they have been carefully combined and wrought together: if otherwise, the coincidence is singular.—Miss Strickland's 'Aida' comes next on our list, it being a historical tale of the captivity of the warlike Prince Aldagern and his young daughter Aida in Rome, after the defeat of Boadicea. The style is far too resonant and magniloquent.—The best part of *Bible Stories from the Creation to the Conquest of Canaan*, by G. M. Bussey, are the wood-cuts by Martin, which illustrate them. Over these children will hang for the hour together, and a *vivid vox* explanation by the mother, or the passage read aloud from Holy Writ, will be fifty times more acceptable and impressive than any letter-press more formal or diluted.—It is enough to say, that Anne Parker's *Selected Fables and Moral Maxims in Prose and Verse* are here in a second edition.—The 'Fairy Bower' belongs to another tribe of books for children; it is a tale, intended to illustrate the virtues of truth and sincerity—and the heroine, Grace Leslie, is a capital example: only her thoughtfulness and tenderness of conscience are a trifle too wire-drawn. Though we are not fond of stories for the young which turn upon exhibition of such deceit and meanness as ripen

into worldliness, we were unable to lay this tale down till we had finished it.—'The Orphan,' and 'Summer Rambles and Winter Amusements,' are more directly instructive, by the references they contain to the wonders of nature. Lastly, the 'Hymns and Sketches in Verse,' are an imitation of Mary Howitt's manner, but want Mary Howitt's freshness or poetry.

²[ADVERTISEMENT.]—The GARDENERS' CHRONICLE, No. X. edited by PROF. LINDLEY, is this day published. Nos. I. and II. having been reprinted, complete sets may be had of all Newsmen.

List of New Books.—Combe's (George) *Notes on the United States of North America*, 1838-39-40, 3 vols. post 8vo. II. 11s. 6d. bds.—Smith's (H. S.) *Register of Contested Parliamentary Elections*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Key to Walkingame's *Arithmetick*, 12mo. 4s. sheep.—Tennent's (J. E.) *Biography*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Edwards's (T.) *Emend of Virgil*, 2 vols. 6d. cl.—Strickland's *Queens of England*, Vol. II. new edit. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Book without a Name, by Sir C. and Lady Morgan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Sir Martin with the Chinese Expedition, by Lord Jocelyn, fc. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Fotherick's *Encyclopaedia of Antiquities*, new edit. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. cl.—Scott's *Poetical Works*, 24mo. 5s. cl.—Epitome of Anatomy, for the Use of Students, by a Licentiate, 19mo. 5s. cl.—Worrell's *Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*, 6th edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Mogg's *Picture of London*, with colored maps, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Sir G. C. and Dr. J. C. *Lives of English Naturalists*, 3rd series, fc. 8vo. each 5s. cl.—Every Boy's Book, by J. L. Williams, square 12mo. 6s. cl. 9s. 6d. roan.—Auger's *History of Syon Monastery and the Parish of Isleworth*, with plates, small paper, 8vo. 1l. 12s. cl.—large paper, 2s. 2s.—Robinson's *History of Tottenham*, new edit. 2 vols. in 1, 8vo. 2l. 2s. cl.—Bingley's *Tales of Shipwrecks*, 2nd edit. square 16mo. 4s. cl.—Timb's *Popular Errors*, fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Shaw's *Southern Africa*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Page's *Guide to Ornamental Drawing and Design*, 12mo. 12s. cl.—London's (Mrs.) *First Book of Botany*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—A *Chart of Chancery Practice*, by G. Farren, 2s. 6d. sheet.—Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XXX.—Calvin on Galatians and Ephesians, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Thomson on the Diseases of the Liver, 8vo. 8s. cl.—Sir Charles Bell's *Practical Essays*, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Waddington's *History of the Reformation on the Continent*, 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Bishop Mant on the Happiness of the Blessed, 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Phillip's *Translation of the Pharmacopœia*, 4th edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Johnson's (Dr. James) *Pilgrimage to the Spa in Pursuit of Health*, 8vo. 9s. cl.—The Jubilee Memoir of the Rev. W. Jay, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Bosquet's *On the Poor and Almsgiving*, fc. 6s. 6d. cl.—Memoir of Mary Ann Gilpin, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Bickersteth's *Christian Truths*, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for FEBRUARY, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,
BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1841.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		External Thermometers.	Rain in inches, Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.				
	Barometer uncorrected.		Barometer uncorrected.									
	Att. Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.								
M 1	30.358	30.350	37.0	30.284	30.276	36.9	30	30.7 31.7 29.7 42.0 .116 N				
T 2	30.072	30.064	32.4	29.946	29.940	33.4	24	27.7 28.7 25.8 32.4 N				
W 3	30.000	29.994	23.0	29.998	29.992	29.6	20	22.2 24.8 21.6 29.7 N				
T 4	29.760	29.752	27.3	29.666	29.660	28.2	21	23.7 26.7 22.2 25.7 E				
F 5	29.682	29.674	29.2	29.694	29.688	31.7	22	23.7 28.5 24.6 30.0 NE				
S 6	29.648	29.642	28.2	29.590	29.586	29.7	24	27.3 27.8 25.2 29.8 NE				
O 7	29.480	29.472	26.8	29.418	29.414	26.6	20	23.8 24.9 23.8 28.8 NE				
M 8	29.372	29.364	27.0	29.378	29.372	28.6	23	26.7 28.7 24.0 26.7 N				
T 9	29.636	29.630	28.9	29.774	29.766	29.8	24	27.4 29.7 27.2 29.3 N				
W 10	30.014	30.006	29.7	29.980	29.974	30.2	25	28.3 29.8 27.0 30.2 SE				
T 11	29.850	29.844	31.8	29.744	29.736	34.2	28	30.5 36.7 38.7 37.2 SE				
F 12	29.672	29.666	39.2	29.726	29.718	41.3	36	00.6 41.7 47.7 35.6 42.5 SSE				
S 13	29.672	29.664	42.2	29.516	29.508	44.3	39	01.4 44.8 45.7 41.4 49.0 S				
O 14	29.180	29.174	44.8	29.220	29.214	47.0	42	01.2 47.3 50.3 45.0 48.3 .022 SSE				
M 15	29.274	29.268	45.6	29.140	29.134	47.0	42	01.5 43.4 47.7 42.4 51.4 N				
T 16	29.076	29.070	46.9	29.082	29.076	48.3	43	01.3 45.7 48.3 42.5 49.2 .091 SSE				
W 17	29.268	29.260	45.7	29.452	29.446	45.7	41	01.1 40.3 42.7 40.8 50.0 .125 NW				
T 18	29.642	29.638	46.0	29.530	29.524	48.0	41	01.6 43.3 50.3 40.7 45.4 SE				
F 19	29.672	29.664	49.3	29.726	29.718	50.8	46	01.4 46.8 48.8 43.0 51.4 .088 NW				
S 20	29.846	29.840	48.7	29.870	29.862	49.7	45	02.2 46.7 50.4 40.4 50.0 .033 NW				
O 21	30.198	30.192	48.3	30.246	30.240	49.4	44	02.1 45.3 49.2 44.7 52.2 .063 NW				
M 22	30.390	30.382	46.5	30.356	30.350	46.6	42	01.1 40.3 42.7 40.2 50.2 NE				
T 23	30.356	30.350	45.3	30.316	30.308	45.3	41	01.7 38.6 38.7 38.6 43.7 NE				
W 24	30.328	30.320	41.6	30.324	30.318	42.3	36	01.6 34.7 37.0 33.8 41.3 NW				
T 25	30.336	30.330	41.3	30.228	30.220	42.3	37	02.5 38.8 42.7 33.8 41.5 NW				
F 26	29.378	29.372	44.7	29.780	29.772	45.7	42	02.2 43.7 43.2 38.7 44.5 .108 NW				
S 27	29.756	29.750	42.9	29.820	29.812	44.3	37	02.6 39.7 42.7 37.0 47.7 .100 NW				
O 28	29.880	29.874	41.8	29.812	29.804	42.7	34	02.8 36.9 41.5 35.0 43.3 .044 NW				
MEAN.	29.778	29.772	38.9	29.772	29.765	40.0	34	01.6 36.4 38.9 34.0 40.8 .790 NW				
								Mean Barometer corrected { 9 A.M. 29.755 .. 29.745 P. 29.748 .. 29.737 C. 29.748 .. 29.737				

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

have no gentlemen going out to the India service, would protract their arrival beyond the reasonable time for forwarding them to me. I shall willingly accept any equitable conditions attached to my receiving the aforesaid instruments; and lastly, in case of my premature demise in foreign parts, I join a codicil to my will, which will reimburse very nearly, if not entirely, the outlay made by the Royal Geographical Society. In case my propositions are not accepted, I beg you will destroy the inclosed dead; if they are acceded to, I would still further trouble you, to get a letter directed by the proper authority to the political agent at A'den, requesting him to deliver or forward the instruments to me.

In the course of my last voyage I have observed my longitude by eclipses of U's satellites, lunars and lunar occultations. These last alone are satisfactory for a stationary observer, but they occur seldom, and as I have an admirable theodolite, with its vertical circle reading off to five seconds, I regret much not having Prof. Struve's method for determining longitudes by zenith distances of the moon and a star near her. This method is barely mentioned in one of the last numbers of the London Geographical Journal, and I have written in vain, in August, 1839, to Prof. Schumacher, who did not seem acquainted with it. This method was used in 1828 by the officers of the Russian expedition to Turkey, and the longitudes of several places are given in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal with a degree of exactness which has raised highly my desire to employ Struve's formulae, as I have Mr. Baily's excellent tables with me. Perhaps some of your friends of the Royal Astronomical Society might favour you by communicating this method, which is peculiarly fruitful within the tropics, and in that case I doubt not that some computer of the Northern Almanac might find a spare moment to copy it out for me.

The White Nile Expedition had left Cairo when I arrived there last month (in quest of medical advice). M. Arnoux, a Frenchman, is the only European in it, and he was robbed of all his apparel near Keneh: this did not however prevent him from proceeding. The rise of the Nile has been enormous this year, i. e. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubits at the Meckya. The observatory at Boulack was the last of the Pasha's improvements, which was suspended by the recent events.

Believe me, &c.,

ANTHONY D'ABBADIE.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our readers will be pleased to hear of the safe arrival of Captain James Ross at Hobart Town. A few hasty lines only have as yet reached London, but we believe that full particulars of his voyage may be shortly expected. The Expedition remained six weeks at Kerguelan's Land; and it is understood that Capt. Ross there found a good supply of excellent coal.

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers has awarded the following Telford Premiums for communications received during the Session of 1840:—A Telford Medal in gold to Josiah Parkes, M. Inst. C. E., for his two papers 'On Steam Boilers,' and 'On Steam Engines, principally with reference to their Consumption of Steam and Fuel.'—A medal in silver, and books suitably bound and inscribed, of the value of ten guineas, to James Leslie, M. Inst. C. E., for his 'Account of the Works of Dundee Harbour, with Plans and Drawings of the Works and the Machinery employed there.'—A medal in silver, and books suitably bound and inscribed, of the value of five guineas, to Robert Mallett, Assoc. Inst. C. E., for his paper 'On the Corrosion of Cast and Wrought Iron in Water.'—A medal in bronze, and books suitably bound and inscribed, of the value of three guineas, to Charles Bourne, Assoc. Inst. C. E., for his paper 'On Setting out Railway Curves.'—A medal in bronze, and books suitably bound and inscribed, of the value of two guineas, to Henry Chapman, M. Inst. C. E., for his 'Description and Drawings of a machine for describing the Profile of a Road.'—A medal in bronze, and books suitably bound and inscribed, of the value of two guineas, to Henry Renton, M. Inst. C. E., for his 'Description and Drawing of a Self-acting Wasteboard on the River Ouse.'—Books of the value of five guineas, to Eugenius Birch, M. Inst. C. E., for his 'Drawings and Description of the machine for Sewing Flat

Ropes, in use at Huddart's Rope Manufactory.'—Books of the value of two guineas, to T. J. Maude, M. Inst. C. E., for his 'Account of the Repairs and Alterations made in the Construction of the Menai Bridge, in consequence of the Gale of Jan. 7th, 1839.'—Books of the value of two guineas, to Andrew Burn, M. Inst. C. E., for his 'Drawings of a Proposed Suspension Bridge over the Haslar Lake.'

The students of King's College, London, have presented their late Professor of English Literature and Modern History, the Rev. Thomas Dale, with a testimonial of their respect, in the form of a piece of plate.

Government has, it appears, given Mr. Wyatt one of the guns taken at Waterloo, to cast into his colossal statue of the Duke of Wellington, for the equestrian group which is to be placed on the arch facing Apsley House.

A few weeks since, we took occasion to direct the attention of the Professors of Architecture to the subject of Competitions. Since then, a letter has been received at the Institute of British Architects, and read at the last meeting, from M. Vaudoyer, a Corresponding Member, and distinguished French architect, in which this subject is incidentally referred to. We take the following abstract from a report in the *Civil Engineer*:—M. Vaudoyer described a species of competition, which took place in the time of Louis XVI., who was anxious to complete, in a becoming manner, the Palace of Versailles, then unfinished. Upon the recommendation of Monsieur Le Comte d'Aiguiller, five of the most celebrated architects of the period were introduced to the King, who explained to them his views and wishes, and called upon them to assist him by their talents in rendering the Palace of Versailles worthy the nation. He assigned to each of them 12,000 francs as a complimentary sum, and 3,000 francs to cover expenses, and gave them eight months to prepare their designs. The intention was, when Messrs. Chalgrin, Heurtier, Antoine, Peyre, jun., and Paris, the architects chosen, had completed their designs, to have them exhibited to the public, and then examined by a jury, consisting of the candidates themselves and four other architects. This committee were to make individual reports on each, and a general report on the whole, and to select the two best for recommendation to the King, who was to be at liberty to choose any parts of the other designs, so as, if expedient, to form a new one, composed of the chief beauties in the whole number, and which was to be carried into execution by one or both of the two selected by the jury. The designs were made and paid for, but never exhibited; for the storms of the revolutionary epoch began to cloud the horizon of the arts, and the scheme, so admirably projected, had no positive results. But M. Peyre published his, in his volume of designs, 1818.

The literary announcements for the coming season, in addition to those already recorded, are not very numerous. The following promises are from Albemarle Street:—'Six Months with the Chinese Expedition,' by Lord Jocelyn, late Military Secretary to the Chinese Mission; 'Russia, under Nicholas the First,' translated from the German by Capt. Anthony C. Sterling; 'An account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an original collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a Vocabulary of their Language, explained in Spanish and English,' by George Borrow, Esq.; 'Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus and Armenia, made during a Journey through those countries in 1835-6-7,' by W. J. Hamilton, Esq.; 'A Descriptive Tour in Lombardy, Tyrol, and the Bavaria,' by John Barrow, Esq.; 'A Sojourn on the Shores of the Baltic,' by a Lady; and 'Fragments from German Authors,' translated by Mrs. Austin.

In a former number we had occasion to notice the satisfactory doings of the Awlescombe choir.—*Miss Head's* collection of psalmody giving us occasion. We have since received tidings of musical activity from a quarter in which it is yet more agreeable to contemplate it. Where, indeed, in Old England, ought Easter lauds and Christmas carols to be well sung, if not at Stratford-upon-Avon? "Taking advantage of the breaking up of the old parish choir, which consisted of about twelve girls with the genuine

* We hope these italics will be a sufficient correction of an erratum in our notice of the Awlescombe choir.

Warwickshire dialect," says a welcome correspondent, — when, two years since, the nave of the church was put in repair—several ladies and gentlemen, and a number of the more respectable townspeople's children, formed themselves into a choir, for the purpose of singing the Church service without accompaniment;—the old inefficient organ having been sacrificed. This choir is now sixty-one strong; strong enough, too, in proficiency to perform the full cathedral service, including an eight-part anthem by Dr. Boyce, on the occasion of the re-opening of the nave in last October. A spirited subscription is going on for a new organ, and for the completion of the repairs and decorations of the church which remain yet to be accomplished. The building has been entirely fitted up with oak stalls having carved finials;—the pulpit, reading, and clerk's desks, are of Painswick stone. A new roof of carved oak, suggested by a fragment remaining of the elder one, has been placed over the centre aisle; galleries of corresponding style have been erected. A stone-groined ceiling to the chancel, and the restoration of the old pointed roof to the transepts, are still wanting to the completeness of the edifice. Why should not the choir, which can do so well and is so powerful, take an example from the Berlin *Sing Academie*, the members of which have cleared their beautiful Concert Hall from debt, by giving occasional performances? We cannot but think that a call to Shakspere's town, would be answered by the musical amateurs and the Midsummer idlers of England with zealous alacrity; and should be glad to see the precedent established, as good for the art of music and good for the manners of the people.

Mr. Bunn and Herr Schumann's programme for the forthcoming German Opera at Drury Lane, is hardly less rich in announcements than M. Laporte's. We are promised Madame Stöckl Heinefetter, Mdlle. von Hasselt, Mdlle. Lutze, Madame Schröder Devrient, perhaps Madame Fischer-Achten, Herr Hauzinger, Herr Tischatchek, Herr Staudigl, perhaps Herr Erl: in short, either certainly or conditionally, all the best vocalists of Germany. We may add, that as Mdlle. Löwe, who did not take root in Paris, is expected in London, it would seem more probable that she should be heard on the German, than on the Italian stage, as certain of our contemporaries have announced. We are promised for directors of the music, Herr Ganz and Herr Marschner: the latter artist will be peculiarly welcome to us, as we hold his operas in good esteem. Among works not performed last season, are announced Weber's 'Oberon,' and Meyerbeer's 'Les Huguenots,' to be got up under the direction of its composer. The last is indeed a promise, which, with all our musical hearts, we hope may be fulfilled.

The fourth Concert of the Paris *Conservatoire* is said to have been a peculiarly good one: comprising Mozart's Symphony in G Minor, and Beethoven's in A—*a scene from Gluck's Armide*,—a cantata by M. Biennaimé, and one of Viotti's violin concertos, played by M. Schwederle, one of the hundred clever young violinists of Paris. Would that London had half as many!—At the theatres, the dramas of Her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia of Saxony are obtaining great vogue. Her comedy, with the bold title of 'La Malade Imaginaire,' has been brought out on Mollière's own boards—the Théâtre-Français; and the Gymnase is playing her 'Fiancée du Prince.'

The Paris papers mention the death, in that capital, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, of Claude-François Chauveau-Lagarde, the courageous defender of Marie Antoinette before the Revolutionary tribunal, and counsel for Charlotte Corday. He was ennobled by Louis XVIII.; and died in the office of a Councillor of the Court of Cassation, which he had held since 1828.—Letters from Vienna also announce the death, in that capital, of a most fruitful writer, Joseph Aloys Gleich, at the advanced age of 79. The works of Herr Gleich would form, so far as the number of volumes is concerned, a tolerably extensive library in themselves. He is stated to be the author of two hundred and fifteen romances—the greater number of which are in two volumes, while some extend to three, four, and even five. He has produced more than three hundred theatrical pieces, besides many other works of less importance, and co-operated actively in the publication of several literary journals. He has left a fortune of 220,000 florins

(22,000*l.* British), wholly the produce of his literary labours, and a larger sum than any German writer, not excepting Goethe himself, ever amassed by the pen,—and an only daughter to inherit it. To this obituary announcement, we may add that of the death, at Paris, of the Comte de Forbin, Director of the Royal Museums, and a Member of the Academy of Fine Arts.—An election which has recently taken place at Pesth, in the Historical and Philological Section of the Hungarian Royal Academy of Sciences, exhibits the progress of liberal principles in a very pleasing light, and is worth recording, for the suggestions it involves, amongst ourselves. The unanimous choice of the body has fallen on an Israelite, Gabriel Bloch,—young linguist, who has distinguished himself by a Hungarian translation of the Bible, with notes and commentaries. The right of delivering public lectures being incident to the quality of member of that body, the new Academician has commenced a course on the general affinity of languages,—and his chair is surrounded by all the distinguished personages in the capital, whether for rank or learning. The Prince Primate of Hungary, two bishops, and many of the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, are particularly mentioned as amongst his audience;—but it is not stated if any common-councilmen be of the number.

By letters from Mayenne, it appears that that town is about to do honour to herself, and service to humanity, by the erection of a monumental statue, within an edifice to be expressly reared and consecrated for this object, to the memory of her illustrious son, the Cardinal Cheverus, archbishop of Bordeaux. It can scarcely be doubted that abundant contributions will be offered to this testimonial to the most apostolic of bishops, and one of the most excellent of men. Monuments like this can do no honour to the dead, but much to the men who raise them; and nations can never exalt themselves more in the eyes of their neighbours, than by offering homage to true greatness, like that of the Cardinal Cheverus. The reader cannot do better than refresh his memory as to the life and labours of this excellent man, by reading once again our notice of him, No. 607.

Our readers are aware that an action was brought by the Duke Charles of Brunswick against M. Gisquet, ex-prefect of police, for defamation, on the ground of certain passages in the recently published Memoirs of the latter, which we transferred to our columns (*Athen.* No. 689). The Chamber of the *Cour Royale*, before which the complaint was, in the first instance, carried, pronounced against the Duke; who appealed from its decision: and the Chamber of Correctional Appeals has confirmed the original judgment, in so much thereof as relates to the facts and observations published by M. Gisquet, in reference to the Duke in his characters of a politician and a pretender; but for the ex-prefect's allegation, that the Duke had rewarded his agent Allouard with a false diamond, the Court of Appeal has given three hundred francs to his Royal Highness as damages.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION AND SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Address, 1, COVENT GARDEN, 12, WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Under the Patronage of Her MAJESTY and His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT.—THE ROYAL GALLERY of PHRAC-TICAL SCIENCE, ADELAIDE-STREET, WEST STRAND.—M. Morillot's Patent Propeller for Steam Vessels, differing in principle from any yet proposed, illustrated by a Model in action. Mr. Charles Parrot's Patent Propeller for Sailing Vessels, differing in principle from all others, also to be seen in daily—Brilliant Optical, Mechanical, Electrical, and Magnetic Exhibitions—New Cosmopolitan Paintings of the Embarkation of Napoleon's body, and of the Siege of Acre—Steam Gun, Combustion of Steel, Microscope, Living Electrical Eel, &c. &c.—Admittance, 1*s.* Catalogues, &c. Children under fourteen years of age, 1*d.*—Open daily from half-past Ten till Five o'clock.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The following noblemen and gentlemen have been elected Fellows:—The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Melbourne, the Right Hon. Sir R. Hussey Vivian, Sir R. Jenkins, G.C.B., C. Enderby, Esq., J. C. Melville, Esq., P. Blackiston, M.D., Capt. H. R. Brandreth, R.E., J. Edye, Esq., S. Cartwright, Esq., J. Cledinham, M.D., Eaton Hodgkinson, Esq., the Rev. Mark A. Tierney, and R. W. Sievier, Esq.

The following papers have been read:—

Supplementary Note to a Paper, entitled 'Researches in Embryology. Third Series: A Contribution to the Physiology of Cells,' by Martin Barry, M.D.

Present state of the Diamond Mines of Golconda,' by T. J. Newbold, Esq., of the Madras Army.—The author gives an account of the tract of country in which the diamond mines of Golconda are situated, and of the processes by which the diamonds are obtained. The latter consists merely in digging out the rolled pebbles and gravel, and carrying them to small square reservoirs, raised on mounds, having their bottom paved with stones, and then carefully washing them. Dry weather is selected to carry on these operations, in order to avoid the inconvenience and expense of draining. A description is then given of the mines of Banaganpally, Munimudgool, Condapilly, Sumbulpoor, and Poonah in Bundelkund.

'On the Production of Heat by Voltaic Electricity,' by J. P. Joule, Esq.—The inquiries of the author are directed to the investigation of the cause of the different degrees of facility with which various kinds of metal, of different sizes, are heated by the passage of voltaic electricity. The apparatus he employed for this purpose consisted of a coil of the wire, which was to be subjected to trial, placed in a jar of water, of which the change of temperature was measured by a very sensible thermometer immersed in it; and a galvanometer, to indicate the quantity of electricity sent through the wire, which was estimated by the quantity of water decomposed by that electricity. The conclusion he draws from the results of his experiments is, that the calorific effects of equal quantities of transmitted electricity are proportional to the resistances opposed to its passage, whatever may be the length, thickness, shape, or kind of metal which closes the circuit: and also that, *ceteris paribus*, these effects are in the duplicate ratio of the quantities of transmitted electricity; and consequently also in the duplicate ratio of the velocity of transmission. He also infers from his researches, that the heat produced by the combustion of zinc in oxygen is likewise the consequence of resistance to electric conduction.

'On the Chorda dorsalis,' by Martin Barry, M.D.

'On the Corpuscles of the Blood,' Part II., by Martin Barry, M.D.—The observations recorded in this memoir are founded on an examination of the blood in every class of vertebrated animals, in some of the Invertebrates, and in the embryo of Mammalia and Birds.

'On the action of certain Inorganic Compounds when introduced directly into the Blood,' by James Blake, Esq. M.R.C.S.—The present paper is a continuation of a memoir read at the Académie des Sciences of Paris, in 1839, and entitled, 'Effets de diverses substances salines, injectées dans le système circulatoire.' After some preliminary remarks, the author gives a list of the various saline substances of which he noted the effects when they were severally injected either into the venous or the arterial systems, arranged according to the nature of those effects. He finds, in general, that all the salts having the same base exert similar actions when introduced directly into the blood. He carefully inquires into the phenomena apparently arising from the direct contact of each of the substances above enumerated with the animal tissues; and more particularly into the effects produced on the heart, on the muscular and the nervous tissues, and on the pulmonary and systemic capillaries. The general conclusion which the author is led to draw from these researches is, that there exists a close relation between the chemical properties of the substances experimented upon, and their physiological effects: his experiments tending to prove that, when introduced into the blood, substances which are isomorphous exert similar actions on the living tissues. He notices, however, two exceptions to this law: namely, the similarity of the actions exerted on the pulmonary tissue by the salts of lead with those of silver, although these salts are not isomorphous; and also the action on the nervous tissue of the salts of ammonia being different from that of the salts of potass. But he remarks that the oxide of lead bears a close analogy to the oxide of silver in its relation to organic compounds. The general fact previously announced by the author in his memoir read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, namely, that salts with the same base have analogous actions, may be considered as a corollary of the above law.

Published in the 'Archives Générales de Médecine; Nov. 1839.'

'On some Electro-Nitrogurets,' by Wm. Robert Grove, Esq. M.A.

'Contributions to Terrestrial Magnetism, No. 2,' by Major Edward Sabine, R.A.—This paper is the second of a series in which the author purposed to communicate to the Royal Society the results of magnetic observations in different parts of the globe, having for their object to supply the requisite data for deducing the numerical elements, corresponding to the present epoch, of the general theory of terrestrial magnetism. It consists of two sections; the first comprises the observations of Capt. Belcher, R.N., and the officers of H.M.S. *Sulphur*, at twenty-nine stations on the west coast of America, and the adjacent islands, between the latitudes of 60° 21' N. and 18° 05' S. The second contains a new determination, by the same officers, of the magnetic elements at Otaheite, made in consequence of the discrepancies in the results obtained by previous observers, and of a note in M. Gauss's *Allgemeine Theorie*, in which Otaheite is spoken of as a highly important station for the future improvement of the calculations of the theory. Abstracts are given of the original observations which are deposited in the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty, as well as a full detail of the processes of reduction by which their results have been computed. The values of the horizontal and total intensities are expressed in terms by which the results of observation are immediately comparable with the maps of MM. Gauss and Weber in the 'Atlas des Erdmagnetismus.' By an investigation into the 'probable error' of a single independent determination of the magnetic intensity with Hansteen's apparatus, derived from the data furnished by Capt. Belcher's observations, the author shows the extreme improbability that the difference in the results obtained at Otaheite by Messrs. Erman, FitzRoy and Belcher, should be occasioned by instrumental or observational error. They are also far greater than can, with any degree of probability, be ascribed to periodical or accidental variations in the magnetic force from its mean value. The only known cause adequate to their explanation is what may with propriety be termed *Station error*; that is, local disturbing influences, in an island composed chiefly of volcanic rocks, and where the spot of observation selected by the different observers may not have been precisely the same. By a reference to the magnetic survey of the British Islands, the occurrence of station error is shown to be frequent in countries of far less decided igneous character than Otaheite; and that its existence may always be apprehended where rocks of that nature approach to, or rise through, the superficial soil. The absolute determinations of fixed observatories are as liable to station error as those of the magnetic traveller, since no continuance or repetition of the observations can lead to an elimination of the error; it consequently presents a practical difficulty to the proposed determination of the elements of the theory from exact observation at only a few selected positions on the globe. The remedy is to be found in the combination of fixed observatories and magnetic surveys: the observations of the survey, being made in concert with, and based on those of the fixed observatory, will be furnished thereby with corrections for the secular, periodical, and accidental variations of the elements, and will consequently determine *mean* values: and a proper combination of the mean values thus determined, over a space sufficiently extensive to neutralize *district* anomalies, as well as those of a more strictly local character, will furnish, in their turn, a correction for the station error, if any, of the fixed observatory.

'On the Calculation of Attractions, and the Figure of the Earth,' by C. J. Hargrave, B.A., of University College.—The principal object of the calculations contained in this paper is to investigate the figure which a fluid, consisting of portions, varying in density according to any given law, would assume, when every particle is acted upon by the attraction of every other, and by a centrifugal force arising from rotatory motion. That such has been the original condition of the earth has been assumed as the foundation of most of the mathematical calculations connected with this inquiry; although the hypothesis itself may admit of doubt. The principal difficulty of this problem consists in the computation of the attraction of a body of any given figure, and composed

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of strata varying in their densities according to any given law. In solving it, the author follows the steps of Laplace as far as the point where the equation, known by his name, first appears. It has, however, since been discovered by Mr. Ivory, that the theorem of Laplace is true only of spheroids of a particular kind, and consequently it is to this kind that Laplace's solution of the problem is restricted. The method given in the present paper is not confined in its operation to any particular class of spheroids; the coefficients of the series into which the required function is developed being determined absolutely, and without reference to the form of the spheroid to which they are to be applied. The principal change consists in the different manner of treating the partial differential equation; and its integration, effected by the author, renders the analysis more direct, the operations more simple, and the theory complete.

ASiATIC SOCIETY.

A General Meeting of this Society was held on the 20th of February, Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. M.P. in the chair.—A sketch of the progress of discovery in Indo-Bactrian Numismatology, which, it was understood, would form part of an extensive work by the Director of the Society, was read to the Meeting. The subject was of more general interest than that which usually attaches to similar disquisitions, from the extent and importance of the historical blank which the investigation has tended to fill up,—a blank reaching from the invasion of Alexander the Great to that of Mahomed Ghor, a period of nearly fifteen centuries, in which the most important changes succeeded each other, both in the religious and political conditions of India, Persia, and Afghanistan. All that had been known of these regions during that long interval was that the great kingdom of Bactria had been overthrown by a race of Scythians or Tartars, whose power extended to the mouth of the Indus; and that when the Mohammedans invaded the East in the eleventh century, they found princes of Hindoo race on the thrones of Sind and Afghanistan. Within the last seven years, the discovery of vast numbers of coins has afforded means to corroborate what was before little more than conjecture, and to fill up the unknown with names of dynasties and individuals, well defined, and in regular connexion. About a century ago, the only two Bactrian coins known, one of Euca-rides, and one now known to be that of Menander, suggested to Bayer a History of the Bactrian Kingdom, which was published at St. Petersburg, in 1736. Soon after, a coin of Euthydemus was added to the list; and in 1799, one of Heliocles. During the present century, further specimens of the same coins were sparingly procured from Russia and Persia; and a new one of Antimachus Theos, was added in 1822. But the publication of a memoir, by Colonel Tod, with engravings, in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, in 1824, forms an era in Bactrian history. Colonel Tod, during his residence in India, had made a collection of about 20,000 coins of all denominations; the greater part, it is true, of no interest; but several, quite new, and of great historical value. Many of these were then but imperfectly appreciated, their legends being undecipherable; but they are since ascertained to be coins of kings denominated Indo-Scythic, bearing the names of Kadphises, Kanerkes, Undaphernes, &c. In 1830, General Ventura, an officer in the service of Ranjit Singh, found several coins on opening an ancient monument at Manikala, a village between Attock, on the Indus, and Jhelum, on the river of that name. Impressions in wax of three of these coins were sent by him to Calcutta, where they were seen, and described in the journal of the Asiatic Society, by the lamented James Prinsep, the Secretary to that Society, who had from his situation already learned to take an interest in Eastern numismatology, to which he subsequently gave so great an impulse. In 1822, Lieut. Burnes visited Manikala, and obtained more coins. Dr. Swinney, at Karmal, followed the example; and these materials were published, and ably commented on by Mr. Prinsep, who, as yet, had no anticipation of the splendid results to which his researches would ultimately lead. In 1834, an accession of great value was made by the publication of a paper in the journal of the Bengal Society, containing an account of Mr.

Masson's discoveries. This gentleman resided in Afghanistan; and had for some time been engaged, in connexion with Dr. Honigberger, in antiquarian investigations. In the year 1833, while in search of the site of the ancient city of Alexandria ad Caucasum, north of the city of Cabul, he had been rewarded by the discovery of very many ancient coins, which subsequently reached to the number of 30,000, from the same site, though when he wrote the above-mentioned paper his collection amounted to less than 2,000. The names of several Greek kings were added to history by Mr. Masson's collection, as Antialcidas, Lysias, Agathocles, Archebias, Pantaleon, and Hermeus. In consequence of a hope expressed in the second volume of the Bengal Asiatic Journal, that a precise account of General Ventura's discoveries might appear in its pages, that officer at once, in the most disinterested manner, made an offer of his collection to Capt. Wade, then Political Resident at Ludiana, who declined the offer in favour of Mr. Prinsep, to whom the coins were forwarded. Mr. Prinsep, with a liberality as creditable to him as that of General Ventura, while stating that he should be most happy to investigate and publish a full account of the collection, requested that the General would still consider it at his disposal. The honourable contest ended in Mr. Prinsep's acceptance of specimens of such of the coins as were in any numbers, and the remainder were returned. On a visit to Europe in 1838, General Ventura himself, while in London, presented to the Royal Asiatic Society some of these coins, and of a further accumulation which his first success had induced him to make. In 1833, several Indo-Scythic coins were found on the site of an ancient city discovered near Behut, in the Doab, seventeen feet below the surface of the earth; and in the same place were found some of a peculiar type, with ancient Sanskrit characters. These were deciphered by Mr. Prinsep, who pointed out the identity of the character with that on the Allahabad column, which had not then been deciphered. The coins are of princes not before known; and, from their symbols, must have belonged to a period when Buddhism prevailed in India. Many of the Indo-Scythic coins which had Greek inscriptions on one side, had, on the other, legends in an unknown character, unlike any alphabet known. It was a matter of some importance to read this alphabet; and the problem was resolved by Mr. Prinsep. The first account of his discovery, published with some hesitation in 1835, he subsequently perfected; and he succeeded in demonstrating that the language of the legends was closely allied to the Sanskrit, and might be termed Pali, or Prakrit. This was the last great labour which the declining health of Mr. Prinsep permitted him to engage in; and it was a worthy termination of the valuable labours through which he had prosecuted the subject with so much success; though it is to be feared, that the great amount of exertion which such researches necessitated (combined with his other numerous occupations), contributed, in a great degree, to shorten his valuable life.—Such is the important character of the historical discoveries which the work of Prof. Wilson will lay before the world.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 16.—The Bishop of Norwich, President, in the chair.—The Marquis of Northampton was elected a Fellow, and Mr. G. Gordon, an Associate of the Society. A paper was read entitled, Observations on some little-known species of Polyparia of the super-cretaceous strata of Italy, by Signor Michelotti, of Turin, illustrated with examples of the genera.—J. Reeves, Esq. presented specimens of a seaweed, a species of Gigartina, apparently different from *tenax* and *lichenoides*, from which jellies are made in Japan; *Clavaria entomophiza*, a fungus growing from the head of a caterpillar, and used medicinally in China; some remarkable galls; fruit of the stoneless Litchi; the sea-horse, from the China seas; edible birds' nests, both in a natural and prepared state; *Lepas mitella*, found at Macao, and used for food by the natives; a brick of Tartar tea dried in a cake, with the branches and leaves; and a ball of tea from Japan enclosed in a spathæ of *Zea Mays*. Mr. Gould exhibited specimens of the *Nanodes undulatus* of Vigors, a kind of parrotet from New South Wales, remarkable for the beautiful shot-like spots of rich

purple on the throat; with them was the original nest in the hollow trunk of a gum tree; they are the first living specimens that have been seen in Europe; a gigantic Truffle called native bread, and a specimen of fossil wood from New South Wales. Mr. Solly exhibited the supposed anthers of Ferns on a young frond of *Cistopteris fragilis*; several had burst and discharged their contents, composed of mucus and minute granules.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 4.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Donations of entomological works from Prof. Nordmann, Mr. McClelland, the President, and others, were announced.—Mr. Hope mentioned the expected occurrence of vast migrations of butterflies in South America, and referred to Holmes's account of Buenos Ayres, in which some of these migrations had been noticed. Mr. Schomburgk had also described several other such occurrences, in a memoir read at the last meeting of the Society. Mr. Westwood made some observations on the identity of the extraordinary little animals hatched from the eggs of the common oil beetle of this country (*Meloe prascaraebus*), and the small parasites found on bees and flies, their identity having been questioned in the volume upon insects recently published, forming part of the Cabinet Cyclopaedia. A paper was also read, by Mr. Westwood, 'On the Nomenclature of the Genus *Chlorion Lates* (*Amplex Jurine*),' which led to an extended discussion amongst the members present, on the employment of generic names, which had been previously used in other departments of science; and it was mentioned by Mr. Yarrell, that M. Agassiz had informed him of a calculation which had been made by himself and M. Decandolle, by which it appeared that no less than 300 generic names of plants, and 800 names of zoological genera required changing, having been previously used in other branches; and it was insisted upon by several members that the inconvenience which would necessarily result from the change of such a number of names would far overbalance the slight inconvenience at present felt in cases of such "double emplais," as the French term it.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.—Jan. 25.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S. in the chair.—After the annual routine, business had been transacted, W. W. Saunders, Esq. F.R.S. having been elected President for the ensuing year, it was announced that the prize of ten guineas offered by the Society, in conjunction with the Saffron Walden Agricultural Association, should be renewed, for the best memoir upon the caterpillar of one of the Noctuidæ which attacks the roots of the turnip, including the most advantageous methods of preventing its attack, or of destroying the insects. The Rev. F. W. Hope also announced his intention of offering a prize of 10*l.* for the best essay on the insects which attack apple and pear tree, with the best remedies for their destruction. Members of the Society, agriculturists, horticulturists, and others, were invited to supply the Society with a notice of such species of insects as might be proposed as proper subjects for future prize essays.

Feb. 1.—G. R. Waterhouse, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Westwood called attention to the state of the great picture by Sebastian del Piombo, in the National Gallery, as described by Dr. Wangen. The picture had been transferred to canvas, on which it was fixed with paste, which material is now attacked by insects, which were considered to be *Anobium panicum*, an insect well known to attack preparations of flour. The plans suggested at a former meeting for the destruction of insects which attack paintings on panel or the stretching frames, would be inapplicable to the present case; and it would be very dangerous to saturate the back of the picture with any solution which would affect the paste, so as to render it unpalatable to the insects, or sufficiently strong to destroy them. Mr. Gutch considered that, in so valuable a picture as this, it would be most advisable to re-line the painting with fresh canvas, employing paste in which a little corrosive sublimate had been mixed. He had constantly used paste mixed with that material, and had found it effectual in preventing the attacks of insects. Mr. Waterhouse suggested that an air-tight frame, or flat box, should be placed behind the picture, a space of about an inch being left between it and the frame-work,

and that the inclosed air should be strongly impregnated with Prusic acid, which, he had no doubt, would destroy the insects.—A letter from the Rev. A. W. Grisebach was read, relative to the economy of the *Bruchus granarius*, which he had found to undergo its transformations within the pea and not in the earth.—The completion of a memoir on the Eviatidae, a family of Hymenopterous insects, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., was read.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Alfred Simee delivered a lecture on the laws regulating the Voltaic deposit of Metals; or, in other words, upon the laws of Electro-Metallurgy.—He commenced by recalling to the recollection of his audience an experiment shown by Prof. Brände on a previous evening, that the metals were thrown down from their solutions at the negative pole of a galvanic battery. The differences produced by variations in the galvanic current were next adverted to, and the reduction of the metal was shown in the same decomposition cell to be very different with different amounts of galvanic current. The lecturer next exhibited a solution of sulphate of copper of unequal strengths, in which two copper poles, connected with a platinized silver battery, were placed, on the negative pole of which the metal was thrown down of different qualities. The general principle drawn from these experiments is, that the power of the battery or the galvanic power must be regulated to the strength of the metallic solution. The various kinds of deposit were next adverted to,—the black powder was shown by a long piece of platinized silver—the reguline metal, the type of which was a hammered electrolyte plate—the crystalline deposit, a plate of which broke to pieces with the slightest touch. To obtain the powder, such a quantity of electricity in relation to the strength of the solution must be employed, that hydrogen is evolved from the negative plate in the decomposition apparatus. Three varieties of the powdery deposit were then briefly adverted to, as well as its application to the formation of a galvanic battery when deposited upon plates of metal. The reguline metal was shown to be obtained by regulating the power of the battery to the strength of the solution, so that hydrogen is below the point of evolution from the negative plate. This law belongs to all metals and all metallic solutions, and the fact was shown at the lecture with gold, silver, copper, and iron. The reduction of gold with relation to gilding was explained, and a silver spoon was gilt in the presence of the audience, with the potassa solution of the oxide of gold. Several silver forks and spoons, a sugar basin gilt of an excellent colour by this process, were exhibited, and the lecturer stated that it was coming into use at Clerkenwell, which would materially save the health of the workmen, who suffer severely by the mercurial fumes of the present process. The reduction of silver was next exhibited from the ammonio carbonate, and several medals made in this way were shown. A large candelabrum candlestick, and other articles, were exhibited, plated by Elkington, of Birmingham, by a process patented by him. The reduction of iron was shown on a polished copper-plate, which was connected with the zinc of a small tumbler platinized silver battery. Whilst an iron nail was connected with the silver of the battery, the copper was put into a solution of the proto-sulphite of iron, and, on being removed, had all the appearance of a polished steel plate. The crystalline deposit was next made the subject of examination: it was described to arise from a deficiency of electricity to the strength of the solution. The application of crystalline copper for ornamental purposes was briefly mentioned, and electro-coppered leaves, baskets, and plaster medallions exhibited. The lecturer next described the means by which the uniformity of the strength, and the acidity of the solution may be maintained; and stated the porous tube apparatus was not at all adapted for the refinements of electro-metallurgical operations. The decomposition apparatus where a piece of metal, similar to that reduced, is made the positive pole, to be dissolved to the same amount that the metal is reduced, was stated to be best adapted for the electro-metallurgist. A singular circumstance was noticed to take place on the reduced metal, in certain cases: from a lighter solution being formed, deep grooves

or lines are produced, which leave intervening ridges, amounting in some cases to an inch or more in height. The means of overcoming these were briefly detailed; the most important being the position of the cast, and several experiments were shown to elucidate this phenomenon. The regulation of the quantity of electricity may be effected by varying the power of the battery, either by increasing or diminishing its size or by altering its exciting solution. The size of the positive pole will be found, in all cases, to regulate with the utmost exactness the quantity of electricity, and therefore the state of the metal. Sometimes it is even necessary to diminish it to the smallest point, as in the reduction of gold. The distance between the poles and the temperature was noticed as affecting the quantity of electricity. Mr. Simee next described the adhesion and non-adhesion of the reduced metal to the surface on which it was deposited, to be owing to a film of air, which, being present, causes a separation between them, but when removed, adhesion ensues. At the conclusion he again particularly enforced the grand principle, that to obtain any requisite state of deposition, from any metallic solution, from any strength of solution, from any salt, the galvanic power must be regulated to the strength of the metallic solution.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Geographical Society	Nine.
MON.	Royal Academy (Sculpture). Society of British Architects	Eight.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight.
TUES.	Architectural Society	Eight.
	Zoological Society	1 p. Eight.
	Geological Society	1 p. Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts (Illustr.). Literary Fund (Annual). Royal Society	Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries	1 p. Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature	Eight.
	Royal Academy (Painting). Astronomical Society	Four.
FRI.	Royal Institution	Eight.
		1 p. Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—That the present is a critical season for the future existence of the Philharmonic Society, no one can doubt. The Directors seem to be conscious of this, and resolved to meet the occasion with unusual energy. They promise us, most wisely, for the next Concert, Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang,' the overture to 'Benvenuto Cellini,' by Berlioz, and the second *finale* to Weber's 'Oberon.' At their first Concert, they caused to be performed, most carefully, the pieces, both orchestral and vocal, which made up its *programme*. The first symphony was Haydn's number 4:—with this we were not familiar. The slow movement and minuet have all the freshness and fancy which make us, in those respects, place the composer even higher than the more renowned symphonist, Mozart. Towards the close of the *finale*, however, there was an odd little passage played upon the pianoforte by the conductor, Sir George Smart, the *rationale* of which we by no means understood. The second symphony of the evening was Beethoven's, in A major—the *andante* of which was *encored*. Some slight mistakes in the *tempo* of the several movements allowed for, the work went well. The overtures were less interesting, being those to 'Ulysses and Circe,' by Romberg, and Mehul's 'Joseph.' We never heard Madame Dulcken play so well, or the Philharmonic orchestra accompany a *solo* performer so steadily and sensitively, as in the same pianoforte Concerto by Weber, in E flat, which we mentioned a week or two since. The other *solo* was a violin performance by M. de Loffre. This did not merit a place in the bill of the choicest concert of London, seeing that there could be no novelty in an artist who may be heard nightly for a shilling at Drury Lane. Nor was the gentleman's playing superior enough to make us overlook so obvious a failure in judgment. The vocal music was very satisfactory: bating a few misjudged ornaments, Miss Birch sang Beethoven's 'Ah perfido' very finely, with more dramatic energy than usual—Mr. Bennett a beautiful song from 'Il Seraglio'—and Miss Masson, Zingarelli's 'Somm Ciel.' The last performance could not be praised too much for dramatic conception, grandeur of style, and finish of execution. It was, in brief, the most admirable piece of singing by an English woman we

ever heard. Mr. F. Cramer led, and Sir G. Smart conducted, this Concert.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—These began for the season, on Thursday week. The selections of music are always greatly to our liking; and it was particularly well done of Mr. Blagrove's party or Mrs. Anderson to bring forward Reber's graceful and elegant pianoforte trio,—his second; the work deserving a place in a classical concert, though French, in spite of its composer's obvious determination to write a work which should belong to no school but the best. The quartet we heard, which was Beethoven's well-known one in E flat, Op. 18, was neatly played: we wish we might say more. But this is impossible. Not only do the four artists want that electric touch of the composer's genius, which makes the executant, for a moment, assimilate himself with the creative artist; but there is also a tonelessness in the second violin and viola, which renders impossible that mellowness of effect attainable only by an equal balance of all the four parts. Fineness of touch is not sufficient for the execution of chamber music; there must be also poetry of conception and sweetness of colour. The singers were, Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Hobbs,

COVENT GARDEN.—A new and youthful candidate for dramatic fame, Mr. Lee Morton, was successful in obtaining the suffrages of the public on Thursday night, on the strength of the daring and tact shown in a *rifacimento* of characters and incidents, regarded as the hereditaments of playwrights, with the title of 'London Assurance.' Clever acting, and a perfect *mise en scène*, contributed materially to the prosperity of the 'comedy,' but the adroitness with which the venerable personages of bygone times were tricked out in modern costume and phraseology, and passed off as representatives of an existing state of society, had a due share in so amusing the audience as to render them accessaries to the cheat that was put upon them. A couple of intrigues form the business of the piece; but as the lady in one case was not quite married, and in the other only acts the part of a frail wife, no offence was taken: though there was no wit to set off against what might have been considered too glaring improprieties of situation, but for these saving clauses. Mr. Farren, as Sir Harcourt Courly, a modernized version of Lord Ogley, personates a profligate old beau, affecting the airs and hairs of youth with a degree of finish that glistens over the grossness of the part. Mr. Charles Mathews, as Mr. Dazzle, a fashionable adventurer, whose sole capital is a large share of the 'London Assurance,' plays the counterfeit gentleman with a graceful ease that would become the real character; and Mr. Anderson has the seemingly difficult task of denying his identity to his own father, and with only the loss of a cravat, had a slightly altered manner, passing alternately for himself and for another person: we say seemingly difficult, because all rested with the audience, who acquiesced in the probability of a father not knowing his own son, nor a lady her lover, when he chose to assume a different air. Madame Vestris, as Grace Harkaway, a rustic damsel with the arts of a town-bred girl, and who is willing to resign herself and fortune to an old battered rake, because she has never been in love, but, as usual, falls in love with the first pretty fellow that comes in her way, plays with skill and fascinating address; but the character is not one suited to her talents. Mrs. Nisbett, on the contrary, as Lady Gay Spanker,—a laughing hoyden and dashing horsewoman,—revels in this repetition of her favourite part of *Constance*, in the 'Love Chase.' Her boisterous vivacity and spontaneous gaiety kept the house in good humour all through the evening: indeed, she is the life of the scene, whether she lures on the amorous old baronet with a false show of encouragement, or ridicules the helpless imbecility of her hen-pecked little husband—a character personated by Keeley with a quiet humour, and in a genuine style of acting, which we see too little of in the present day. Harley's part of a busy-body and pettifogging lawyer, is a disagreeable excrescence, though he raises a laugh by his grimaces. Mr. Brindal, as a cool, discreet, and clever valet, and Mrs. Humby as a pert lady's-maid, are a choice pair. The comedy is so constructed, that one set scene suffices for the whole act; and the stage in each instance presents rather a realization than a

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attention to
application to
agriculture.

mimic representation. The garden scene, with its beds of flowers, and the verandah entwined with creeping plants, and the drawing-room, with its superb furniture and fittings, are actualities:—the windows have blinds, cornices, and curtains, as real and splendid as the chairs, tables, and ottoman. These solid accessories, moreover, are not only splendid, but in good taste. The comedy was announced to be performed every evening; and the author being called for, was led on by Mr. Charles Mathews, and excited surprise by his juvenile appearance. He is young enough to do much better things, if he will go to Nature for his materials.

Of all else that concerns theatricals our report may be brief. A little success goes so far both with audiences and managers that the task of chronicling novelties, such, at least, as are worth notice, is a light one. The new suits for which dramatic authors "measure" the actors, are generally worn threadbare before they are laid aside; perhaps because it is supposed that if once put off, they could not be easily resumed. When will dramatists leave tailoring for the spoiled children of the stage, turning French doublets into English vests, and create real characters for the players to give life to, so far as can be done in these degenerate days? It seems worth considering, whether the practice of actors obtaining suits made to fit their peculiarities, does not perpetuate those distortions which the mirror of the stage now holds up to view, and reduce the comedian to a puppet, with one set of jerks, filling up the intervals of a rame-show. Between play-wrights, property-men, and actors, the Drama is in a parlous state; and now that the nuances of promenade concerts and masquerades are about to give way to operas, Italian, German, and English, the spoken drama is not likely to be heard, or, if heard, not listened to,—the witching charm of attraction rests with the sweet-sounding accents of her lyric sister. Instead of mentioning the drama, however, we might as well have said at once the little we have to say, namely, that Miss Kelly has opened her Thespian back-parlour again, in the expectation that the public will have so far forgotten her "Dramatic Recollections," as to be again delighted with listening to the anecdotes of her theatrical career, which she tells so cleverly; though now with all the disadvantages of a long interval of disengagement, and, we regretted to perceive, ill-health and enfeebled powers,—which were painfully apparent in her vocal efforts. Late last week "The King's Barber" appeared at the HAYMARKET, very showily dressed, but proved to be a very dull fellow, and an old stage-acquaintance, all the worse for a new face; indeed, but for Mrs. Stirling, who excited some interest for him by her earnestness, his company would not have been tolerable.—And at COVENT GARDEN, the intriguing adventures of a gallant young "Captain of the Watch," and the equivocal situations and awkward dilemmas of a trio of amorous Flemings, amused the audience to their heart's content for an hour, without the expenditure of a particle of wit, and with very little aid from the actors.

MISCELLANEA

Magnificent Public Work in the Island of Madeira.—[From a Correspondent, Dr. James Macaulay, Foreign Secretary of the Botanical Society, Edinburgh.]—In the Island of Madeira the Portuguese government is at present carrying on a great work, such as would do honour to any age and to any nation. During great part of the year that island is entirely free from rain. Even then, however, among the mountains, the clouds and mists furnish a perpetual supply of moisture, so that the river-courses are never truly dry. This water, as it descends from the mountains, is collected and conveyed by means of Levadas, or artificial channels, through the cultivated grounds. The country is everywhere intersected by these rivulets, and the most perfect system of irrigation is thereby maintained. Some of these Levadas were formed by the first settlers in the island, in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The slaves of the early colonists were Moors and Eastern captives, and it may be that from them was derived a greater attention to irrigation, and greater skill in its application than is generally observed in European agriculture. Many of the works connected with the

irrigation of the island display remarkable enterprise and skill on the part of the natives, and of these the most conspicuous is that of the Rock of Rabacal. At the head of a deep and narrow ravine which forms the commencement of the valley of the Ribeiro (river) de Janella, there rises a perpendicular rock not less than 1000 feet in height. An abundant supply of water flows from this cliff; partly in one large cascade sweeping over from the summit, and partly in the form of innumerable streams issuing from fissures in the face of the rock, and dripping down through the mountain shrubs by which the cliff is clothed. This water used to fall into an abyss at the bottom, whence it flowed along unemployed and useless through the ravine and valley of the Janella to the Atlantic. It was observed, that if the water could be intercepted in its descent, and conducted by art from the course in which nature directed it, it might be turned to infinite utility for the purposes of irrigation. Who had the boldness first to conceive the actual execution of the project, is not recorded. It appears to have been attempted at an early period of the history of the island, as there are at one place remains of some work of which no tradition has come down to us. In 1823 the Governor brought under consideration the importance of making use of these waters; but it was only in 1836 that the work was commenced. Of the extraordinary ability of the engineer under whose direction the work was planned, Captain Vicente de Paula Texeira, a native of the island, even those who have not seen the place must form the highest opinion from a simple description of the work. The height of the cliff I have stated is 1000 feet.* About 300 feet from the base, a horizontal channel has been cut in the face of the rock, sloping downwards and inwards, so that part of the water from above is intercepted in its descent, and falls into this hollow. The excavation extends round the face of the cliff for about 600 feet, presenting the appearance of a vaulted gallery, the roof of which is supported at intervals by pillars of the rock. The water flows along this channel, and is then to be conducted by an open aqueduct or Levada for the distance of six miles. Here another great part of the undertaking is in progress. A tunnel, which will be 150 fathoms long, is to be cut through the crest of a mountain ridge, by which means the waters of the rock of Rabacal will be conveyed from the north to the south side of the island, and will spread cultivation and fertility over extensive districts hitherto either entirely waste, or yielding a poor and precarious produce from the absence of irrigation. The channel on the face of the rock is now nearly completed, and the tunnel has been commenced at both extremities. In commencing the work, the operations were of an extremely difficult and dangerous character. It was impossible to reach the part of the cliff where the channel was projected by any means except by ropes suspended from above. Down this dreadful depth, with 300 feet of the precipice below them, the workmen were lowered; fastened to a little frame of wood at the end of the rope, and bearing instruments for boring and blasting the rock. When a mass of rock had been loosened by the handspike, or a train had been laid for blasting, it was necessary for the operator to get out of the reach of danger by pushing himself off from the cliff with his feet, and making for some tree or projecting point, where he secured himself till the explosion was over, and then returned to his labour. The workmen were moreover continually drenched by the streams of icy cold water falling upon them, so that they had to be frequently relieved, on account of their becoming benumbed with cold. It is gratifying to add, that notwithstanding the extreme danger of these operations (compared with which the samphire-gathering of Shakespeare's Cliff, or the bird-hunting of St. Kilda, might be described as occupations of little danger), only one fatal accident has occurred in the whole undertaking. And when we consider the extraordinary boldness of conception displayed in the design, the genius and ability with which it has been hitherto carried into execution, the difficulties and perils that have attended the operations, and the noble purpose of the undertaking, being not for mere ornament or fame, but for the

permanent well-being and improvement of the country, we cannot but regard it as one of the grandest efforts of modern art.

Savings Banks.—It appears from the Annual Report of the Marylebone Bank, that no less than 2,815 new deposits were made during the past year, and that out of 12,680 deposit accounts, no less than 8,224 held balances of less than 5*l.* The growing disposition of the working classes to provide against the casualties of life and the infirmities of age, is a source of gratification to all reflecting persons.

George Garrick, was affectionately attached to David, and held him in great awe; Garrick, when acting, was extremely nervous about any noise made behind the scenes, as it destroyed his effects; consequently, George was accustomed to parade up and down on the stage, and if any persons were talking, to exclaim, "Hush! hush!" This was his constant habit.—The salary of George Garrick was considerable in the theatre, and it was more than once inquired, why, or for what, George Garrick was paid that amount? Charles Bannister in a moment solved the question, "It is *hush money*," said he.—George Garrick usually inquired every night, on coming behind the scenes, "Has David wanted me?" On its being idly asked how George came to die so soon after the demise of his celebrated relation, the answer was—"David wanted him."—*Memoirs of the Colman Family.*

An Ever-burning Flame.—A paper was lately read at the Royal Irish Academy, by Mr. G. J. Knox, "On a Principle for producing an Ever-burning Flame."—A belief, he observed, "in the discovery of an ever-burning lamp appears to have been prevalent in all ages; and tradition informs us that lamps have been found in tombs, where they have continued burning for upwards of 1,000 years, of which mention has been made in the works of St. Austin, Plutarch, Pliny, Ludovicus Vives, Baptista Porta, and Licetus. The Rosicrucians, who laid claim to the knowledge of everything mysterious, pretended to have rediscovered the secret of their construction, which was supposed to have been buried in the tomb of their founder. Dr. Plot, in a treatise which he has written upon this subject, alludes to a lamp mentioned by St. Austin in his book *de Civitate Dei*, which was hung up in the temple of Venus; and to another found in the tomb of Pallas the Arcadian, who was slain by Turnus in the Trojan war, which continued to burn after its removal from the tomb and exposure to the air—proving that these lamps were not supplied from any bituminous source, or volcanic fire. He considers the requisites for an ever-burning lamp to be,—a perpetual wick, which might be made of gold wire, or asbestos; and a perpetual supply of fuel, which he imagines the bituminous springs of Pitchford, in Shropshire, or the inflammable gases issuing from fissures in coal mines, would afford. That such could supply fuel for a flame, so long as the bituminous spring existed, or the gas continued to exhale from the mines, is evident; but it no more deserves the appellation of an ever-burning lamp, than does a fire arising from any volcanic source. The desideratum for such a lamp is, that it should contain, within itself, a *renovating* principle, such as, probably, does the luminous atmosphere encompassing the body of the sun, supposed by Sir William Herschel to be electrical. That electricity was the principle upon which such a lamp could be constructed having occurred to me some years ago, I reflected upon the different means by which a constant light could be produced from this source, and concluded that, if by an arrangement of metals a thermo-electric current could be produced of sufficient intensity to decompose water, the heat produced by the burning of the two gases arising from the decomposition, would be sufficient, when applied to the alternate metallic junctions, to continue the electrical current of the thermo-electric pile; while the gases, which in burning become aqueous vapour, might be condensed by passing through a long tube, through which being conveyed to the closed vessel in which the water had been originally placed, they would again undergo decomposition, recombination, and condensation. Such a thermo-electric arrangement has been discovered by Prof. Botti, of Turin, who has obtained decomposition of water from a series composed of a great number of wires of platinum and

* An excellent representation of the place will be found in a work preparing for publication by Mr. Picken, an artist who visited the Island.

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